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ONLY A WORD.

Only a word may leave a sting
To wound some kind and loving heart;
It may be but a trifling thing
That cuts as deeply as a dart.

Only a word may stir up strife
And quickly cause a bitter hate,
The deepest sorrow make for life;
Then may repentance come too late.

Only a word may be a blow
Of torture keen as any pain,
And cloud a bright young life in woe,
From which it ne'er can raise again.

Only a word may be a ray
Of sunshine in some dismal room,
And help to brighten many a day
Which is spent in hours of gloom.

Only a word, but in it lies
Power to change full many a fate.
How little do we realize
In but one word what may await.

Only a word may lead the way
From clouds of darkness to the light,
May help some weary one to pray
And guide them to the path of right.
—Alice D. Abell, in Good Housekeeping.

MOCKERY OF FATE.

The King That Took the Fair Countess Away.

The Freihof castle was an old stone mansion perched high up on the sloping mountain that overshadowed a quiet, old-fashioned town in Saxony. The old castle with its queer inhabitants had for many years been the greatest attraction to young and old in the sleepy little town at its foot.

Once a year all the children in every family that could boast of some social standing were invited to visit the old Countess, who lived at the castle alone with only two servants. One of these servants was an old housekeeper, a year younger than her mistress, who already had celebrated her ninetieth birthday. This old housekeeper filled, since many years back, the complicated position in the Countess' household of lady's companion, maid and steward. Her sixty-year-old daughter, who yet, in spite of her venerable age and gray hairs, never, neither by the Countess nor by the old mother, was spoken of in other terms than as "that girl" or "lazy," performed all minor duties round the establishment. Two veteran St. Bernard dogs were the faithful and watchful bodyguard of the old Countess and her little staff; not a man in any capacity had been seen round the castle for nearly twenty-five years.

As a child, about fourteen, I was for the first and only time invited to the Countess' reception, along with my cousins, with whom I had spent a few weeks of my holidays. To me this was an event of the greatest delight and anticipation. I had read the pretty story about the enchanted Princess who slept a hundred years in her castle amid cobwebs and a century of dust, to awaken, one morning, more beautiful and youthful than ever. In my fancy the mistress of the old ivy-clad castle on the hillside was nothing less than another enchanted Princess, and all the stories I had heard about her and her two dogs, which had the reputation of not being like other mortal dogs, and that they would live on as long as a stone was left of the spellbound castle—all this made my young heart flutter with joy and expectation, when the great day finally arrived and we knocked at the gigantic old gate of the mansion.

A strange haze of romantic love from the middle age seemed to hover over the huge pile of stones. With a creaking noise the heavy doors turned on their hinges, and after some delay we were ushered into a large hall furnished with all the grandeur of past centuries. Near one of the narrow windows, on a high-backed chair emblazoned with a Duke's gilded crown, sat an old lady, dressed after the fashion of nearly a century ago. Her powdered hair was done high up over a beautifully-formed forehead, her cheeks rouged, and, according to the fashion the old lady still clung to, set off with a few "mouches noirs," or black patches. She looked exactly as an old picture, which suddenly had stepped down from its heavy frame, to come and bid us children a smiling welcome. How strangely handsome this old Countess did look; she was not any thing of what my young fancy had dreamed about: a sleeping Princess untouched by the ravages of time. Nothing could betray that ninety winters had passed over her head, although she seemed to carry the heavy burden of old age in a way so graceful and sympathetic as very few people are able to do.

After all the children had made their low courtesy after the style of Louis XIV. and kissed the Countess' slender, waxen hand, the old housekeeper, who at these occasions of festivities acted as master of ceremonies, took us to the large picture-galleries, where she stopped before the last of all the many family portraits that adorned the walls, and with the greatest pride pointed out to the visitors this picture as "my lady at seventeen." And a striking picture it was; there youth, loveliness and grace combined created a perfect ideal of womanly beauty.

The old Countess looked to-day just the same in dress and in every thing, except that youth and its loveliness had gone forever.

My visit to the old castle made a deep impression on my mind, and I longed to learn why the Countess, once so beautiful, rich and high-born, had chosen to live like a hermit, in seclusion and loneliness, instead of marrying some Duke or even a Prince. She did not tell us why, but I learned it yet, some years afterward when the old Countess was dead and both the faithful dogs and the old housekeeper had gone to rest, and the stones were crumbling away faster than ever from the desolate castle of Freihof.

This is the story the old housekeeper had told on her death-bed about her admired and beloved mistress, the Countess of Freihof.

"At the age of fifteen I came into the Countess' service, as her maid, or rather companion. She was a year older than myself, the worshiped child of her wealthy parents, and only heir to their enormous estates, many titles and elevated rank. The brilliancy of her beauty, her talent, and above all, her kind heart and amiable disposition had made her the idolized favorite with high and low. Already, at this early age, she was actually besieged with suitors, more in number than the year has days. They represented the very flower of chivalry, and there were Dukes and Princes at her feet. But she refused them all. Not that she was in any way proud, far from it; she was as humble and modest as any girl in the land. But to all proposals of that kind her answer invariably came: 'I will wait!'

"In this way a year passed. Her ladyship was now seventeen. Her birthday was celebrated with all the splendor and pomp that became her station in life. Toward evening the Countess grew tired of all the gayety and festivities that were going on in the castle, and slipped out into the park, accompanied only by myself. The air was cool and refreshing, and the twilight fast settling into darkness under the huge old chestnut trees. For the first time all that day the Countess seemed to feel quite happy, and danced about like a little fairy among the deep shadows of the park.

"Suddenly she stopped, and gave a little startled scream. I ran to her side, and was nearly as scared as herself, when I saw the dark, bent form of an old gypsy woman standing in our way. The gypsy muttered something, and grasped the white little hand of the Countess, and led, without saying a word further, the frightened girl a little out of the way, into the lingering rays of light which still played on the western horizon. In a low, husky voice I heard the gypsy say, after she a moment had glanced at the lines in the Countess' hand: 'My pretty girl, be careful not to throw away thy heart to any one of thy many wooers. Nobody but a King shall ever take thee away. Be patient if he should tarry. He shall come, even if it is late.'

"The gypsy disappeared as suddenly as she had come; scared and trembling did we leave the park and return to the castle. On our way back the Countess told me that a year ago, just the very night before her sixteenth birthday, she had had a dream to the same effect as that the old gypsy had told her—that nobody but a King would ever carry her away from the castle of her ancestors. And she could not help finding in this meeting with the gypsy and her prophesy a very strange coincidence to her dream of a year ago. She took my promise to keep all this a secret, and I did so until this time.

"From this day she was more reserved than ever to all the gentlemen that came within her presence, and nobody won her heart or hand. Thus years passed away, and for every year the number of her suitors decreased. Her old parents began to despair, and sought, at last, some reason for their daughter's strange way of refusing even the thought of marriage. When they would not give her any rest she told them all about the dream and the gypsy, and after that they let her do as she liked in peace.

"A few years more and the Countess was left alone in the world. I staid on in her service even after my marriage, my husband being the Countess' steward or business manager till his death, and I continued to be her maid or companion.

"On every birthday she ordered me to bring out her costly trousseau and magnificent wedding-dress, worthy of a queen, for her inspection, and after she had looked at this wealth of laces and silks, diamonds and pearls she would turn away, sighing, and repeat to herself the words of the gypsy: 'Even if he tarry, yet he will come. He shall come even if it is late—' But for twenty years she has never repeated these words to me, and the King has not come."

This is the story the old housekeeper told on her deathbed. The faithful friend preceded her mistress to the grave a few months, still half clinging to the gypsy's prophesy, although the Countess had only five more birthdays to celebrate till she reached her centennial.

As I said before, the Countess did not live many months after her true friend and faithful servant had left her. She died, as she had lived, in peace and in faith; and "the girl's" trembling old hands dressed the Countess at last in the queenly bridal gown, not for the altar, but for the grave. And lo! when the undertaker scrambled up the hill to the old castle and gave his name at the iron gates his name was King and the gypsy's prophesy was fulfilled.

When this King laid the Countess in her royal attire down in the narrow coffin to be taken away at last she neither could smile nor cry at the bitter irony that was in this mockery of her destiny.—Signe Ankarfelt.

MYLORD'S MINK FARM.

How a Young Irish Lawyer Victimized a British Nobleman.

Lord Wynford, an English nobleman, stopped at North Platte, Neb., during his tour of the prairies, says the Chicago Tribune. He seemed greatly pleased with the wild West, and intimated that he would like to invest some money in something good. There was a smart young Irish lawyer in the town, whose parents had had some unpleasant dealings with Lord Wynford in the old country. This young lawyer had lived in North Platte about two years. He came there to examine a claim he had purchased on paper. To his disappointment, his farm was nothing but a prairie-dog town.

You could not raise even sage brush on the claim so close together were the burrows of the little animals. He had about given up all hopes of disposing of his land when he learned that Lord Wynford was looking for a good investment. Then he called upon the wealthy foreigner and offered for sale what he called "the most profitable industry in America." He told the British lord that he had been ten years establishing a mink farm, and just as the enterprise was beginning to coin money he was obliged to go South on account of his poor health. He explained how the minks were raised, how their skins were disposed of, and the great demand for mink fur in this country. The young Irishman pledged Lord Wynford to say nothing of the deal, as his mink farm was only known to a few who were in similar enterprises. Then he drove his guest out to the prairie-dog farm.

Here an extensive tract of land destitute of trees and alive with little animals that burrowed in the ground and barked like small dogs was thoroughly inspected. The possibilities of furnishing the West with mink fur in the autumn delighted Lord Wynford, and returning to the city he gave $500 for the dog town. He owns it now, and the good-for-nothing place is called "the Lord's mink farm."

—Scribbler—"I see your novels are marked 'registered at the post-office as second-class matter.'" Scrawley—"Yes. What of it?" Scribbler—"Oh, nothing. It's quite right."—America.

SUCCESS VERSUS FAILURE.

Succeed, and the world will help you,
But fail and you struggle alone;
For all mankind have faults of a kind,
And each has his own to atone.

Get wealth, and friends will surround you,
Grow poor, and then where are they?
Ask not for their aid if your debts are not paid,
For each has his own way to pay.

Make a show, then men may know you,
Look shabby, they'll quick turn aside;
But when one is dressed he may pass for the best—
Even crime you may hide with pride.

Have comforts, and friends share with you,
Have none, and how can they share?
For they have to live and can't always give
To those who not oft have to spare.

Succeed, and the loved ones greet you,
But fail, and aggrieved are you met;
Oh, win—just win! then scarce any sin
That they all may not soon forget.

Then wife and daughter, mother, son
Have kisses to give at the door.
But rarely kind word has ever been heard
For him to the home-door, poor.
—James Barkley, in America.

A POT OF GOLD.

It Was Found Down in the Old South Lot.

"The storm's just about over, Mollie. I can see the rainbow."

"Then you can bring in an armful of wood, Hiram," came from Mollie's voice in the kitchen. "This water's never goin' to boil."

"It does beat all how some folks make money," Hiram continued. "Seem to pick it right up off the ground, someway. They say there's a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow; I wish I could find one of 'em, that's all!"

"Are you going after that wood, Hiram Briggs?" demanded Mollie, appearing in the doorway. "If you don't you won't get your pot of coffee for breakfast, an' I reckon you'll miss that more'n you will the pot of gold that's at the end of that rainbow."

"Oh, I'm goin', Mollie! You're always in sech a hurry about every thing!" exclaimed Hiram, testily, dragging his lank figure to its full height and sauntering off toward the wood pile.

"Pot of gold, indeed!" said Mollie to herself as she returned to her work. "If there was a pot of gold in every acre of the farm Hiram Briggs'd never dig deep enough to find it. He might 'a had a deal more gold out of it than he has if he'd 'a dug a little harder."

"Are you goin' to the south lot this morning, Hiram?" she asked at breakfast. Hiram was slow in replying. "Welk you see," he began at last, "I'm rather afraid that'll have to wait till afternoon. There's some men I promised to meet down to the village."

Mollie made no reply. It was not much for ten years' experience of Hiram Briggs' character to have taught her that replying was apt to make matters worse instead of better.

"The fact is, Mollie," he said, as he rose, "I've about decided to sell the old farm and invest in somethin' paying. I can't stand any more of this everlastin' drudgery!" He looked at her with a little apprehension. Mollie had risen and stood confronting him with blazing eyes. The thought flashed across him that Mollie was a handsome woman.

"Sell the farm!" she cried. "Sell the place where I was born an' where my father was born before me! That you shan't! Not one inch of ground or stick of timber. May be you have the right in law—" She held up her hand as he was about to speak, "but you know you haven't the real right, and I'll never let you do it, never!"

Hiram's only reply was a strong slam of the door as he passed through. She watched him cross the orchard and strike into the road leading to the village. She watched him as far as she could see him and then turned to her work with a sigh.

"I don't know how it'll end," she thought drearily. "I'm tired of fighting and scolding, but I'll fight to the very end before he shall sell my father's farm," she finished, with fierce tears in her eyes.

Hiram did not come home to dinner, but that did not alarm Mollie. He very often did not come home to dinner when there was a south lot waiting for him. Night came and still he did not return, but he had even staid away a night before now, so at midnight she closed the house and went to bed.

"May be I said more than I need," she thought, as she blew out the light.

Toward evening of the next day a man sauntered up to the house. "Be you Mis' Briggs?" he asked of Mollie, eagerly watching from the door.

"Yes," she said. "What is it?"

"Wall, I got a letter 'r somethin' fer ye," fumbling in his ragged pockets.

"Wall, I swan," he exclaimed finally, "ef I haven't lost it!"

"Lost it!" cried Mollie; "where'd you get it?"

"Wall, Hi Briggs sed ef I was a-comin' your way some time to-day I might bring it. He said as how 'twould explain itself, an' to tell you he was a-goin' after the pot of gold under the rainbow, 'r some sech stuff."

The next day Mollie folded and packed away Hiram's clothes. "If he don't come back till he finds his pot of gold," she thought, "he'll never come back at all, an' if he comes back without it he'll need 'em."

"I wonder what could have been in the letter!" she thought. She was soon to know.

In less than a week a buggy drove up to the door, a man alighted and tied his horse, and Mollie opened the door for him with strange feelings of foreboding. What he told her was what she had already dimly suspected, that Hiram had mortgaged the farm months before and invested the money in mining stock. The mortgage was due and had not been paid, and homelessness stared Mollie in the face.

For a few moments she was stunned, but the natural courage that had borne her through so many trials soon returned to her, and with it a plan whereby she might save her inheritance from the consequences of her husband's folly. She would run the farm herself and pay off the mortgage with the proceeds.

It may have been the tears in Mollie's bright eyes—I have heard that men do not like to see a woman cry—or it may have been something in her earnest womanliness that commanded attention to her pleading, but at the end of an hour that hard old lawyer had certainly promised that her plan should have a trial.

"I'll give you a year, any way," he said. "If I find by that time that it pays me we can see about letting it stand. My client has been abroad for some time, and leaves all such matters in my hands, so I will promise you a year, any way."

The very next day Mollie went to work on the south lot. She hired two sturdy neighbor boys for a small sum, for in that part of the country boys' work was not worth much.

But these two soon found that if they earned their wages and their good board they must work for them. It soon became a subject for much wonder and a good deal of admiration among the men that a woman could so manage a farm. Never did the farm raise such crops as it did that fall, and in spite of the improvements she thought necessary, Mollie paid her interest and a good round sum down on the mortgage.

In the late fall, just before the Thanksgiving snows covered the ground, Mollie received a morning call from two strangers whose every movement was full of business. Their errand was soon told. They had discovered coal on land adjoining her farm and they wanted to buy that part of the farm through which they imagined the vein ran.

The price they offered startled her. But Mollie had developed into a fair woman of business in these months, and her first thought was: "If they'll pay that, they'll pay more, and it's only the south lot, that never would give a decent crop of any thing any way." If they were some time agreeing on terms, they did agree at last, and Mollie felt with pride that they were not to her disadvantage.

The snows fell and Thanksgiving came and went, and then one day the door opened and a thin, stooping figure, wet with the storm that raged without, came feebly in and sank into his old place before the fire.

Neither spoke. The anger that swelled to bursting in Mollie's heart softly changed to pity as she watched him. Whatever had been the experiences of the last months—and Hiram never told them—they had sadly changed him for the time. At last he raised his shrinking eyes.

"I've come back, Mollie," he said, "and I didn't find the pot of gold. I'm ready to go to work now like a man and prove that I can be worthy of your respect if I never have been before."

Mollie disappeared for a moment in another room. "There, Hiram," she said, as she laid her bank-book in his hand, "there's the pot of gold you've been hunting for, and it was right in the south lot all the time, just where you did not want to go to work that morning," she finished with a tearful smile as she pressed a kiss of forgiveness upon his lips.—Mrs. F. W. Bradley, in Detroit Tribune.

A RELIABLE RECIPE.

How to Make a Good Husband Out of Very Ordinary Material.

A good husband, it has been wisely remarked, like the hare, must be caught before he is cooked. He can not always be told at a glance, and sometimes he must be summered and wintered before his real character is discovered, but it is safe to say that when caught he should be found to be composed of the following ingredients in suitable proportions: Mother wit, good nature, gentleness, strength, manliness, purity, courage. But even when the full measure of some of these necessary qualities is lacking a very good husband can often be secured by a persistent use of the following recipe:

Wifely tact	10 parts.
Wifely forbearance	10 parts.
Wifely good nature	10 parts.
Good housekeeping	10 parts.
Good cooking	10 parts.
Wifely love	50 parts.

There are some brutes upon whom even such a precious mixture will be wasted, but they are very few, and a persistent application of it, morning, noon and night for two years is warranted in nine cases out of ten to make a man and a gentleman out of very commonplace material.

Some high authorities on husbandry have insisted that all that was necessary to make a good husband was one hundred parts of wifely love freely applied, and that tact, forbearance, good nature and even good cooking were only manifestations of wifely love. However, it will be evident to our readers that this is, after all, only a difference of terms.

It is necessary to add that this recipe has been tried for many generations. In certain families it has been handed down from mother to daughter for many years, and up to date no reliable substitute has been discovered for making a good husband.—Golden Rule.

HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

The Good Luck of an Honest, Hard-Working Hoosier Family.

It is not often that one who has worked all his life on a farm comes into possession of $4,000,000 in a day, and yet such an event is soon to happen to a family living at Sunman, in this State, writes a Lawrenceburg (Ind.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. In 1776 Mary Bentley, of New York City, leased a tract of land there to the Government for ninety-nine years. The land was on the outskirts of the city, but as years rolled by and the city began its marvelous growth the tract was surrounded by colossal palaces of trade and mansions.

The Government, seeing a chance to profit, subleased the ground to many different persons, and it has been built on and improved, and lying in the heart of the city its immense value can easily be understood. In 1875 the lease expired, and no one appearing to claim the property a legal fight of immense proportions was begun between the sublessees and the Government, prominent among the former being the heirs of the older Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Government finally gained possession of the property, and at the same time the heirs of the original lessor began to assert their rights, and after another legal battle they were sustained and the property held for them. After years of hunting for the unknown heirs they have all been found, and the property ordered sold and the money distributed. The Boldrey family, of Sunman, of whom there are five, are among these heirs, Mary Bentley being their great-grandmother, and they have been notified by their attorney in New York City that the distribution will soon be made, and that their share will be $4,000,000 apiece. As they are all good, honest, hard-working citizens, their good luck will be appreciated by all who know them.

Where Viola Is Popular.

The favorite baptismal name for young women in New Orleans is Viola.

"KINDLY OMIT FLOWERS."

Bring me no flowers when I'm dead,
No lilies fair, or pallid roses,
No floral crown to weigh me down
When over me the earth reposes.

I should not feel how near they were,
Nor yet inhale their fragrant graces;
So would they be less dear to me
Than tears upon your living faces.

But if your kindly thoughts design
Such offering of friendship tender,
Why wait till death has stopped my breath
To send me wreaths of floral splendor?

Your posies now I'd much prefer,
Sweet buds of May, bright bloom of autumn;
Then take the hint, which here I print,
And send my flowers ante mortem.
—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

THE SILK-WORM.

Various Transformations Through Which It Must Pass.

It Was Originally a Native of China and Was Introduced in Europe in 552—Its Value to Commerce—What It Eats.

This little creature, whose labors are of such incalculable value to mankind, is supposed to have been indigenous to China. In that country, at least, the discovery was first made that the product of the silk-worm's operations could be elaborated into articles of human attire, richer and more beautiful than any to be derived from other sources.

At an early period, a considerable commerce was established in silk between Eastern and Western Asia, from which latter quarter it was conveyed to Europe; but not until the sixth century of the Christian era was it distinctly known by Europeans that the splendid tissues, which they had worn for more than a thousand years and which they had even partially manufactured from the raw transported material, were the product originally of a *worm*. The first silk-worms seen in Europe were brought from China in the year 552 by two Persian monks who had gone thither as Christian missionaries, and who contrived to secrete a number of the silk-worms' eggs in a cane, and to escape with them to Constantinople. From these few eggs have sprung all the successive generations of silk-worms which have supplied silk to Europe from that period to the present time.

The valuable insect whose history has been thus briefly detailed receives from naturalists the appellation of *bombyx*. It is of the caterpillar tribe, and, like its congeners, passes through a number of transformations in the course of its existence. Its first state is that of the larva or *caterpillar*, which it enters into on leaving the egg; its second state is that of the pupa or *chrysalis*; and its third state is that of the *imago* or *moth*. The silk-worm moth is of considerable size and is of a grayish color. The female moth deposits its eggs on the mulberry tree, the leaves of which, as will be afterwards explained, form the sole subsistence of the silk-worm. This deposit, when the creatures are under artificial management, is made about the middle of summer, and the eggs of one moth usually amount in number to three or four hundred. They are about the size of mustard-seeds, and, at first, yellow in color, but afterwards assume a bluish-gray cast.

Being fastened by a sort of glue to the spot, the egg of the silk-worm retains its position, in spite of wind and rain, until the period for the hatching of the young caterpillar. After autumn and winter are passed, the egg opens in May, and the worm which issues is about a quarter of an inch in length, thin in body, and of a blackish tint. It soon shows a desire for food, and begins to feed on the mulberry leaves, though without exhibiting any inclination to roam from the spot where it first came to life. For eight days it continues to eat with avidity, and increases to nearly twice its original magnitude. At the end of this time it falls into what is called its first sickness, and leaves off eating for three days, when it casts its first skin. This molting is repeated four times, at regular intervals, before the worm attains the complete caterpillar state, which commonly takes place about a month after the hatching of the worm. The reason of these successive moltings is to be sought for in the rapid growth of the worm, which increases its bulk many thousand-fold during these changes. The original skin, when once become hardened, could scarcely be distended at a rate sufficient to accommodate the augmenting size of the creature, and therefore a number of coverings have been provided in embryo to obviate the difficulty. The plan which the worm takes to get out of its skin is to fasten the latter to the leaf by a sort of silky glue, which holds it fast, until the inmate rubs its head against the leaf, breaks off the scales, and finally drags through its whole body.

Ten days after its fourth molting, the worm attains its complete caterpillar state, and is then about two and a half inches long, with twelve parallel and equi-distant membranous rings round its green body, and sixteen legs arranged in pairs, of which the five posterior ones are movable, and the three anterior pairs scaly and immovable, serving, seemingly, for supports only. The caterpillar has fourteen eyes, seven on each side of the head, and along the body are eighteen holes for the creature's breathing, each hole being connected with some kind of respiratory organ. The mouth is placed vertically, and the jaws are indented like the tooth of a saw. Immediately beneath the mouth are two small holes, placed close to each other, and through which proceeds the silk which the creature spins. These holes are connected with two bags or tubes in the interior of the body, in which is secreted the yellow, gummy substance which constitutes the silk. These tubes or bags are of great length, in comparison with the animal's body, being each about ten inches long. They are wound round a portion of the intestines, as on a spindle, and do not communicate directly with the external holes, but by means of a sort of grater, pierced with many openings, through which the silk gum is drawn out in many filaments, to be united as they issue by the external aperture into one thread.

Having fed itself during the ten days subsequent to the last molting up to the full size the caterpillar, constituted as we have described, begins to feel the stimulus of nature urging it to the next change of its condition, which is necessary to bring it to the moth or butterfly state, and which is accompanied with operations most beneficial to the human race. The caterpillar seeks a corner or angular spot in which to begin its spinning. Having settled this point it weaves a number of irregular threads around the place, to be a support to its future tenement. The mode in which it does this is by fixing a portion of the gum or silk on a certain point, and then by receding from the spot, or turning its head and body, drawing out the thread by the two holes already alluded to. Separate filaments issue from these apertures, but the animal is provided with a hook at the edge of its mouth with which it unites them into one.

In one day the caterpillar, proceeding with its work, weaves a pretty thick layer of loose silk, called the floss silk, in the oval interior of which the creature, of course, remains. For the whole of the succeeding three or four days it is occupied in spinning the cocoon, or solid ball of silk, which is man's valuable prize. This cocoon is seldom above three grains in weight, yet, when unrolled, the filaments composing it are sometimes found to be more than a mile long. This shows the wonderful celerity with which the caterpillar must emit the material during its three days' operations. It takes the quickest way of working, and that most easy for itself, spinning the thread not in regular circles, which would demand an extensive motion of the body, but in short wavy lines from point to point. The whole cocoon is usually less in size than a pigeon's egg, and is of a yellow hue.

Having effected this great work, and shut itself up within a strong and firm covering, the caterpillar, much decreased in bulk by this extensive and uncompensated excretion, prepares for its final change. It throws off its last caterpillar case within a few days after the completion of the cocoon, and assumes the chrysalis form. It is now an oblong, soft, brownish body without limbs, apparently, or power of motion. Its members, however, exist in embryo, and in about twenty days they develop themselves fully, and the chrysalis becomes a perfect moth or butterfly. By the use of its hooked feet and its head, it then separates the filament of the cocoon, and makes its way into light and life, the winged creature of an hour, seeming to have little other purpose in its existence but to seek a mate, that new eggs may be produced for the continuation of the race. This it does immediately on coming to light.—Horace Gale Horton, in N. Y. Ledger.

HUNTING OSTRICHES.

How the Children of the Desert Deceive the Poor Birds.

When traveling in the Kalihari desert, writes Mr. J. Huneberg in the Feathered World, I had often opportunities of observing bushmen come to our camps with ostrich-feathers. I was informed of the manner in which these children of the desert deceive the birds, and I was very anxious to see for myself, and at my request it was arranged that I should go with two bushmen whom we had been using for some time as guides. Accordingly we left camp one morning at about two o'clock, and after a stiff ride of about three hours on horseback we arrived at one of the tremendous sand-hills which abound in this part of the country. One of the bushmen then crept slowly onto the ridge of the sand-hill, while the other transformed himself into what appeared to me at first to be an ostrich without neck and wings—that is, he enveloped himself in an ostrich skin on which all the feathers were left, but which had been brazed—in a manner peculiar to all South African native races—and was as soft and pliable as a glove. Then a stick about from eight to ten feet long was produced, over which was pulled the skin of an ostrich's neck, with the head left on. Then a pair of wings were fastened to the bushman's elbow, and his toilet was finished. I was all the time lost in wonderment at these preparations, which took about ten minutes, an active conversation being carried on between the two bushmen (the distance between them being about seventy-five yards, by means of signals made by various movements of their arms and legs. Presently my companion, moving on as quickly as his disguise would let him, beckoned me to follow him. We crept cautiously onto the ridge, and there I had to lie down on my chest, while my ostrich, alias bushman, showed himself in his full plumage, gesticulating most vehemently with his wings and turning his long neck in all directions.

Suddenly I saw two magnificent cock ostriches approaching us from different directions at full speed, and so intent were they on what they saw before them that they never noticed the deception practiced upon them by the wily bushmen until it was too late, and they both fell to the well-directed arrows of my two companions. The poison with which the "loosie" (the name given to the bark of a certain tree which is used to fasten the point of the arrow to its shaft) is saturated, speedily does its work. The coup de grace was given the two birds, and after taking such of their feathers as was considered worth carrying we entered on our journey back to camp.

THE LIONS OF INDIA.

They Are Gradually Disappearing from the Sight of Man.

The lions of India appear to be going the way of the great bustard and the dodo, and the reason is found in the extension of railways, for Mr. Ruskin's mortal antipathy to the smoke and screams of locomotives. Within the memory of many persons lions were common enough in Rajputana, and even now the roar of one may be heard occasionally in the wildest parts of Central India; but the new railway from Nagpur is now being constructed through this country, and this is practically a notice to quit served upon the few remaining lions in the central provinces.

Practically the only lions now remaining that are worth mentioning seem to be the race existing in Kattywar, which was visited by Prince Albert Victor the other day. Their numbers remain, it is believed, pretty stationary. It is strictly forbidden to shoot them save by way of the grand sport; but many conditions are unfavorable to their multiplication, and even the Kattywar lions are clearly doomed ere long to disappear.—London News.

—A commission of French experts has decided that the best means of rapidly refrigerating viands and preserving them at a low temperature consists in spreading a refrigerating liquid over a mass of coke. The air, striking the mass, is chilled by contact and is then conveyed to the storage compartment.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 21, 1890.

SENATOR CAMERON is not as certain of re-election as he would like to be.

THE New York *Herald* declares that under the dependent pension law, the pension attorneys will get more money than the old soldiers.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, of Georgia, was on Tuesday last, elected United States Senator from that State to succeed Hon. Joseph E. Brown.

LEONIDAS M. MILLER, the Democratic Congressman from Oshkosh, is a full-blooded Greek, the first man of that race who ever held a seat in the Congress of the United States.

GOVERNOR-ELECT PATTISON has appointed Humphrey D. Tate his private Secretary. Mr. Tate was the Democratic candidate for Congress from this district four years ago.

MR. REED, of Maine, made five speeches in New York during the late campaign. They were in five different Congressional districts. The result was a Democratic gain of five Congressman.

GENERAL SELIAERSKOFF, a Russian agent in France, was assinated at his hotel in Paris on Tuesday. The murder is shrouded in mystery and there is no clue as to who the assasin is. It is supposed to be the act of a nihilist and inspired by political vengeance.

ALL the indications now, says the Philadelphia *Record*, point to the renomination of Grover Cleveland for the Presidency by the Democracy in 1892. Even the trifling evidences of sourness and disaffection which crop out here and there serve to confirm the popular prediction by showing how nearly complete it is.

THE will of the late Robert Ray Hamilton of New York, was offered for probate on Monday. The document makes no mention of Mr. Hamilton's wife, who is now in a New Jersey prison but provides $1,200 a year for life for Beatrice Ray, the child which he calls his "adopted daughter." The bulk of the estate is left to the children of Schuyler Hamilton.

SOPHIE GUENBURG and two accomplices, Stollanofsky and Freifeld, were convicted at St. Petersburg, Russia, on Monday for complicity in the late plot to kill the Czar. They were all sentenced to be hanged, but the Court recommended that the Czar remit the sentence of death against Stoilanofsky and Freifeld, and that they be banished to Siberia. Two officers who were also charged with complicity in the plot were acquitted.

THE Pennsylvania official crop report at Washington says: "Owing to the wet fall much corn is yet in the field and unhusked. Yield good: quality rather low. Some has molded in the shock. Potatoes are rotting, and, owing to the rains, many are yet in the ground. Tobacco is somewhat injured by high winds and storms, reducing the proportion of wrappers. Much of the buckwheat is still out and injured by the wet weather."

POSTMASTER VAN COTT, of New York, makes the announcement that the Act of Congress, excluding lottery matters from the mails, prohibits not only the mailing of lottery tickets, circulars, etc., but also newspapers, or other publications containing any advertisement of any lottery or gift enterprise of any kind, offering prizes dependent upon chance, and furthermore, that the law officers of the post office have decided that advertisements of European government bonds are held to come within the provisions of the new law.

ACCORDING to Census Bulletin No. 12, the population of Pennsylvania was 3,521,951 in 1870, 4,282,891 in 1880 and 5,248,574 in 1890. The total population of the United States is placed at 62,480,540. The States of Vermont and Nevada are the only ones that have suffered a decrease of population within the last 10 years. It appears that Vermont has 81 fewer people and Nevada 17,939 less than 10 years ago. The rate of increase for the entire country was 30.08 per cent between 1870 and 1880 and 24.57 per cent, from 1880 to 1890.

DID Mr. Harrison, says the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, (Republican) keep his pledges with regard to civil service reform, or did he kick them out of doors as soon as he set foot in the White House? And did he remove more faithful, old and efficient public servants without cause than any other President that ever lived? The President and his Cabinet are in a degree as responsible for Tuesday's slaughter as is Congress, and they should stand up like men and honestly take it. Congress was not without its offenses, but neither were the President and his Cabinet, and for them also must the flowers be sent and the requiem chanted.

FROM the foundation of the Government it has been the custom of each State, says the Boston *Globe*, to fix the boundaries of its own Congressional districts. But this no longer suits the Republicans. They want a Federal Redistricting law, fixing the boundaries of every Congressional district, so that the Democratic Legislatures recently chosen in several Northern States shall be prevented from making fair boundaries and undoing previous Repblican gerrymanders. It is a bold scheme, and before the late elections it might have succeeded. It probably will not succeed now, against the determined opposition it will encounter from the Democrats in the Senate.

ON Monday night of last week, during a great storm the British warship Serpent was wrecked off Cape Buey, near the village of Camarmas, about twenty miles north of Cape Finisterre, and all but three of the 276 officers and men composing the crew were drowned. Owing to the fury of the storm no assistance could be sent from the shore.

The disaster occurred about 11 o'clock at night. In the midst of an impenetrable darkness the warship struck the reefs. She was hurled upon the rocks with such tremendous force that their jagged edges tore her keel as rapidly as a match might be slit by the sharpest knife. A moment later a mammoth wave lifted the cruiser high above the reef, only to dash her back upon its stony face the next instant with a great hole stoven in her bottom. With the next sea the unfortunate vessel slipped from the rocks into deep water. Through the awful gap in her hull the water rushed in by the hundreds of tons, and then, in the midst of the awful blackness of the night, the howling of the wind, and the hoarse roar of the water beating against the fatal reefs, the cruiser Serpent, with all her cargo of human life, plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. At the moment of the fearful catastrophe the great majority of the ship's company were below decks unconscious that death was all around them. They never reached the deck.

NEXT to the Democratic tidal wave, says the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, the most astonishing feature of the recent elections was the wonderful strength developed by the new farmers' party in the western states. From the most reliable and latest reports the peoples party wipes out 82,000 Republican majority in Kansas, elected its State ticket over Republicans and Democrats, carried five of the seven Congressman, and a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature. The Alliance also accomplished wonders in Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota. Nearly all the Congressman elected on the Democratic ticket in Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina are members of the farmers' Alliance, and pledged to advocate its principles. The new party stands with the Democracy on free silver and low taxation. It is probable that at least thirty-five members of the next House are members of the Farmers' Alliance, although only eight—five in Kansas and one in Minnesota and two in Nebraska—were elected in opposition to the candidate of both the old parties. No industrial political movement has developed so much strength in so short a time as the Farmers' Alliance. It is quite probable that it will dictate the United States Senators to be elected in Illinois, Kansas and South Dakota.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY, of the Knights of Labor, makes a good suggestion in his annual report, which was read at the general assembly of that order in session at Denver. It relates to the tariff question.

"We should" says Powderly, "throw open the doors of our assemblies for the discussion of this great problem, so that our members may become educated in the basic principles of protection and free trade. While we do not allow the question inside our sanctuaries, our members are asked every four years in the United States and every five years or oftener in Canada to register their votes either in favor or against protection. My recommendation is that on and after the 1st day of January, 1891, it shall be permissible for local assemblies to discuss the question of high tariff and free trade."

By free trade Mr. Powderly of course means a tariff for revenue only. His suggestions will certainly meet with the approval of the tariff reformers in the land, for well they know that every man who gives the matter his honest thought is bound to conclude that there is no justification for taxing the great mass of the people for the benefit of a few. By all means turn on the light on the tariff question.

THE Pittsburg *Post* says: The Quay machine spent not less than $20,000 in Philadelphia in behalf of the Republican State and county tickets, and one-half of this sum was expended on election day in debauching votes, election officers, and converting Democratic ward leaders and division workers into traitors. The returns show the result; notable in the Fourth ward, where Cleveland's majority of 8,492 was reduced to 55 for Pattison. In some cases in the city election papers were signed in blank, and the machine filled in the vote according to its needs. There will be thorough investigation. The treacherous war leaders will be drummed out of camp. McAleer's seat in Congress will be contested by Vaux, and this will force out the facts. The Democrats of Philadelphia instead of spending a large sum in jubilation have wisely resolved to use the money to push the investigation of the avalanche of fraud that swept over that city.

IF there is any sense or reason, says the Boston *Globe*, in allowing a defeated and condemned Congress to go on and legislate for three months after the people have repudiated it, we should like to have it explained. We see no sense in it. The Congress elected a week ago could assemble in Washington on December 1, 1890, just as well as the old Congress can. It would be fresh from the people, prepared to do the people's will. It would not be disgraced and discredited, with the stamp of the people's condemnation upon it. Some member of Congress ought to propose a constitutional amendment making each Congress expire by limitation at least one month prior to the election of its successor, so that the spectacle of legislation by a repudiated Congress—a spectacle which will soon be seen in Washington—will be seen no more. We believe the people would ratify such an amendment with practical unanimity.

SPEAKER REED can do his own counting in the 52nd Congress. There will not be many Republicans to count.

Wreck on the Railroad.

PITTSBURG, November 14.—A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad near New Florence, Pa., just before 7 o'clock Friday morning, between the first and second sections of the western express, killing two passengers and injuring eleven others. The killed were:

Henry D. Minot, No 39 Court street, Boston; Mrs. S. H. Angell, No. 809 Twenty-first street, Washington, D. C.

The injured were: R. S. Delaney and wife, of Haymarket, Va., very seriously; J. F. Matthias, of Baltimore, seriously; J. Hellman, of Washington, internally; William Rochester, of Hoffman house, New York, internally; C. C. Hicks, of Providence, R. I. seriously; Miss M. V. Kellogg, of Richmond, slightly; J. H. Hill, of Sunbury, Pa., internally injured, seriously Wm. Miller, of Allegheny City, Pa., very seriously; Henry McCormick, engineer, very seriously; Dr. Wiegle, slightly hurt; Mrs Wiegle, very seriously.

The first section of the western express is made up of Pullman sleepers and day coaches. It is known as train No. 8. At Harrisburg the Washington sleeper was attached. The second section is known as train No. 7. and is composed of baggage, express and mail cars. It runs immediately behind No. 9. The first section was due at New Florence at 5:44 A. M., but it was 6:37 when the train reached that station. The fog was so dense that the engineer did not notice the red signal in the tower till after he had passed. He then slowed up and went back for his orders. He then pulled ahead slowly.

In the mean time the flagman of No. 1 had gone back to signal No. 7. He has not been heard from since, it is supposed that he was not able to get back far enough to stop the second section, as the engine of No. 7 came crashing into the Washington sleeper Biscay, telescoping to the distance of from ten to twelve feet. The sleeper caught fire and was nearly destroyed. The Achetes, the next sleeper was thrown from the track, but not badly damaged.

The scene following the collision was exciting in the extreme. The passengers became panic stricken, and in their efforts to get out broke the windows and crawled through. As quickly as possible the passengers in the unfortunate Biscay were removed. It was found that two had been killed outright and eleven others more or less seriously injured. At least four of the injured, it is thought, will die. They were conveyed to the houses in the vicinity and everything possible done to relieve their sufferings. The uninjured passengers arrived in this city just before noon.

Flagman Kountze, who had started back to notify the second section, arrived in the city this afternoon. He claims that the engineer of No. 7 saw the signals and that he had torpedoed the rails. James Doran, engineer of No. 9, says he had stopped for water. Robert Gould, conductor, said that the train had not stopped more than a minute and a half when No. 7 crashed into it. If this is true the flagman could not have had time to go back very far.

Harrison is Jealous of Blaine.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16.—An Indiana politician who used to be on terms of intimacy with President Harrison, but who does not go to the White House as frequently as in days gone by, said to day that the President was getting to be jealous of his Secretary of State, and it would not be surprising if there should be a rupture between them at any time.

"There is no doubt" he added, "that the President is intensely jealous of Blaine, and those who are near enough to know, have seen this jealousy exhibited on more than one occasion. The cause of this feeling is right at hand. Since the election the Republican papers pretty generally have talked about Blaine as being the Moses of the party and the only man on whom they have to rely to lead them to victory two years hence.

"This is not very pleasant reading for a man like Harrison, who is by nature suspicious and who, in addition, is very anxious for a renomination. He has an exalted idea of his position, and he regards it as highly improper that a member of the Cabinet should occupy more attention in the eyes of the public than he does. All this is leading to a very strained state of things between the two, and either Blaine will semi-officially announce that he is not a candidate for the nomination in '92 or else he will have to leave the Cabinet."

Three Men Blown up.

READING, November 17.—A terrible accident took place at Mertztown, this county, at 7 o'clock this morning, which resulted in the death of three men and the serious injury of five others. While the employes of Edward Trexler's stove factory were preparing to start work for the day, and the engineer was getting up steam in the boilers, one of the large boilers exploded. The building was completely wrecked, and Henry Epler, aged 21; Sassaman Hilbert, aged 25, and Charles Oswald, 45, were instantly killed.

Among the most seriously injured are Samuel Egler, Frederick Delong, Albert Reppart, James Bausher and Charles Albert. All were terribly scalded and Epler, Delong and Albert had limbs broken. The exact cause of the explosion is not known. The force of the concussion was felt a distance of five miles. The bodies of the killed were horribly mangled. Charles Bausher was badly cut, and Charles Albert received fatal injuries. All seven of the injured men were standing in the boiler house warming themselves when the explosion occurred.

Politics not in it.

MASSILLON, O., Nov. 17.—Colonel J. W. McClymonds, president of the Russell Company, this afternoon addressed an answer on behalf of his corporation to Senator Anthony Howells, chairman of the Democratic citizens committee, in reference to the alleged reduction of wages of a number of Democratic employes 33 per cent the day after the election. The letter states that one-half of the number affected have been reinstated; that the action taken was entirely aside from political discrimination, and that the corporation does not know or care for the politics of the employes, any more than their religion. The only distinction made is between good and poor mechanics.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, ark., says: "Was down with abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

The Republicans, in trying to explain their defeat, bit at everything but the true reason. The people were tired of Republican misrule.

A Bold Forger.

Albert H. Smith, who is the junior partner in the brokerage firm of Mills, Robeson & Smith, No. 96 Broadway, New York, is a prisoner at police headquarters, charged with over seventy forgeries, aggregating $350,000. Smith has acknowledged his guilt and has turned over all his property for the benefit of his creditors.

The discovery of the forgeries, which cover a period of six years, was accidentally made on Saturday morning by a stock clerk in the employ of Mills, Robeson & Smith. In his confession Smith says he used the money obtained by his forgeries to reimburse the resources of the firm's customers who had lost money on his suggestion. Before his arrest he made a clean breast to his associates in the firm.

Although the case is not yet complete, Inspector Byrnes, aware of the excited condition of the money market, and fearing that the matter might be used by Wall-street brokers, decided to make public the real facts of the case. Smith's methods were something akin to that of Bedel, the clerk of the firm of Shipman, Choate & Larque, who was sent to prison for a long time recently. The loss resulting from Smith's misdoings will fall upon the firm of Mills, Robinson & Smith, which has been in existence since 1872, and which has been held in the highest repute.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The assignment of Mills, Smith & Robinson, which was brought about by the forgeries of the junior partner, was formally filed in the County Clerk's office to-day. The firm assigned to William A. Watson, with a perference to Edward J. Sanford of $15,000 and to James H. Fay of $1,000. Albert H. Smith, the guilty member of the firm, was arraigned in a police court and remanded until to-morrow.

Appointments that will be Made by the Next Governor.

When Governor Pattison goes into office he will have two or three good-paying offices at his disposal and quite a number of small ones, the salaries of which range from $300 to $3,00. The best-paying offices the governor has are the attorney generalship and the secretary of the commonwealth. The former receives a salary of $3,500, but the fees of the office make it worth, in the estimation of leading lawyers, anywhere between $16,000 to $18,000 a year. The salary of the secretary of the commonwealth is only $4,000 a year, but he also receives fees which bring his salary up to about $12,000 or 15,000 per annum. Either of these offices are better paid than the Governor, who receives a salary of $10,000 and no fees.

The other offices which the Governor has the power to fill, together with the salaries attached, are as follows:

Adjutant General	$2 500
Supt. Public Instruction	2,500
Insurance Commissioner	3,000
State Librarian	2,500
Private Secretary to Governor	2 500
Executive Clerk	1,500
Assistant to Executive Clerk	1,200
Messenger	1,200
Page	300
Night watchman	900
Factory Inspector	1,500
Eight Bituminous Mine Inspectors, each	2,000
Seven Anthracite Mine Inspectors, each	8,000
PHILADELPHIA APPOINTMENTS.	
Harbor Master	$2 500
Health Officer	2,100
Port Physician	1,200
Lazaretto Physician	2,500
Quarantine Master	2,600

The Governor has almost twice as many more appointments, but they are nearly all to positions of honor with no salaries attached.

Not a Hopeless Case.

The Republican papers of the country are building a good deal of hope on the expectation that the big Democratic majority in the next Congress will run into various excesses. The experience of the past is to the effect that large majorities have such tendencies, and the ambition disclosed in the great number of candidates for the Speakership gives rise to the apprehension that there is danger from that source.

But we are not going to despair so early on this account. An examination of the roll of the next Congress, so far as it is accessible now, justifies the confidence in a wise and conservative leadership. A number of the old members who have been retained can be relied on to guide the ship of state through safe waters and away from the rocks which would bring destruction, though the opposition will endeavor to steer it in that direction.

The wisdom of Carlisle will be missed, and the experience of Randall will be wanted. But from the list of aspirants a safe Speaker can be chosen, and Mutchler of this State will make a good substitute for the late distinguished Philadelphian. Taking it all in all, we see no reason to give up in advance, and though the Republican prints are now having lots of fun over the affair, it looks as if their hopes will be disappointed.

A Town Terrified.

MANDAN, N. D., Nov. 17.—A friendly Indian brings a warning from the Sioux reservation. He says there is the greatest danger here and the Indians propose to attack Fort Abraham Lincoln, knowing there are but 50 soldiers there. Then they propose to capture Mandan and massacre the citizens and burn the town. The greatest alarm prevails among the people here. It is reported that the Indian police at Standing Rock have torn off their badges and revolted.

To-day a number of Indians, armed with two guns each and plenty of ammunition, passed through this town, presumable en route to stir up the Indians on the reservations north. People are coming in from the South and begging the citizens to stir up the authorities at Washington to action. Enough Indians are now traveling about this section to run off all the cattle and kill half the settlers in the counnry.

Want to Get Out.

WASHINGTON, PA., November 17.—For the second time within a week there was an attempt made to break jail here. Last night the second attempt was made, when an officer made the startling discovery that the rivets had been cut off the door of the new cage the men had been placed in after their first attempt. Only one rivet stood between them and the outer door, which was unlocked at the time. How they intended to get out of the other doors, which are always locked after night, is not known. There is a desperate gang of men in jail here, who are to be taken to the Huntington reformatory. They are all young, and are in for robbery, and seem determined to make their escape.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other afflictions caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and 1.00 per bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The Olean Toothpick Factory, the largest in the United States, was burned on Saturday. So close to Thanksgiving-dinner time, it is a national loss.

—A five-year old boy named Tobin, of Scottdale, fell from a chair on Saturday and a pair of scissors that he held penetrated his throat. The jugular vein was severed, causing his death.

—In the year 1200 chimneys were scarcely known in England. One only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house and one in the great hall of a castle or lord's house, but in other houses the smoke found its way out as best it could.

—Mrs. Arthur E. Bateman, of New York, on Wednesday of last week missed a diamond brooch valued at $12,000, and had her maid, Louisa Lachat, arrested on suspicion. On Sunday the brooch was found in Mrs. Bateman's house behind a curtain.

—There are more ducks in the Chinese Empire than in all the world outside of it. They are kept by the Celestials on every farm, on the public and private roads, on streets of cities, and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country.

—J. A. McKay, of Kansas, has never studied law, never been admitted to the bar, never served in any capacity in a court, and yet the farmers elected him judge of one of the district courts. The Farmers' Alliance will send him to Ann Arbor for 60 days to fit himself for the bench.

—Mifflin Cornell, of Tacony, was driving along the Pennsylvania tracks last May, when an engine whistling scared his horse, and in the runaway that ensued, Mr. Cornell's spinal vertebræ was damaged $50,000 worth; at least he is suing the Pennsylvania Company for that much or a new back bone.

—The Grand Jury of Erie created a sensation on Friday by advising that the practice of making public the jury list was not to the best interest of justice, as it gave the jury "fixers" a chance to ply their vocation. It is expected that the Judge will order the drawing to be done in secret in the near future.

—E. Hicks, of Victoria, went to blow a horn to call his brother to dinner, and in passing the barn turned and blew it at a calf standing near. The animal sprung at him pushed the horn into his mouth, cutting his tongue and otherwise injuring his mouth, so that a doctor had to sew up the wounds.

—The work of pumping the water from the Coal Ridge Colliery, in the anthracite coal region, which was flooded seventeen years ago, has been completed. The vein is between forty and fifty feet thick; the track almost a mile in length, and the development of the mine will give employment to several hundred hands.

—A curious scene occurred on Friday at the execution of the murderer Schuster at Barmenstein, East Prussia. He begged as a special act of grace to be allowed to sing a couplet before the sword fell. Permission was accorded him and he continued the musical exercises until the quick swing of the sword severed his head from his body.

—George Gressman, a farmer living near Beaver Falls, this State, found a snake on Saturday benumbed with cold. He picked it up and laid it near a burning brush heap. Shortly afterward he again attempted to pick it up when the reptile bit him on the hand. He killed it, and only saved his own life by free use of whisky and cauterizing the wound.

—J. W. Leslie, of Everett, Mass., one of the few passengers in the ill-fated rear sleeper who escaped without serious injury at the New Florence colision, said at Pittsburg on Saturday: "As soon as the injured and dead had been taken out, I went to look for my clothing and other effects, and found everything there except $200 that had without doubt been stolen. From that time on I heard continual complaints of robbery, and from different passengers' stories I have no doubt that the helpless people were robbed by cold-blooded wretches who would do anything."

—The most horrible tragedy in the annals of Fulton county, Ill., was enacted on Monday morning at Utica, a village ten miles southeast of Canton. Philip T. Smith, a farmer sixty years of age, had for some time been jealous of his wife, aged fifty years. Mrs. Smith had been absent from home attending a sick daughter in law. On her return on Sunday morning Smith at once began a quarrel, and, throwing her to the floor, severely choked her. Mrs. Smith got away from him and ran into the yard. Smith seized a Winchester rifle and followed her, firing four shots into her body. When she fell, Smith went back into the house, exchanged the rifle for a revolver, and returned to the side of his wife's body. Ascertaining that she was dead, he lay down by her side, placed the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth, and blew out his brains. Smith was known as a desperate character for years, no less than four men having been killed by him.

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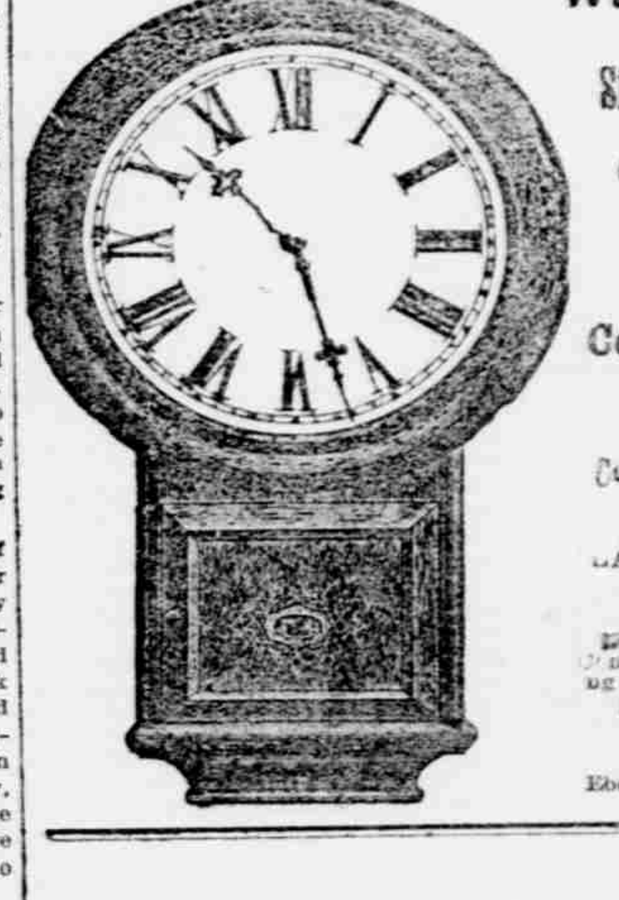

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CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
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Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.
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This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and women for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education, circulars will be sent on application.
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Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO it is well said: "The mouse is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep your house clean—All grocers keep it.
Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek it elsewhere. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.
$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
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NOTICE TO PERSONS
DESIRING TO INVEST IN
Borough Bonds
NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds to the amount of $6,000.00,
Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890.

DO YOU KNO
THAT YOU CAN BUY
Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns $8.50; Double Barrel Muzzle Loading $4.50; Single Barrel Shot Guns
other goods at equally low prices.
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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 21, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The fence around the fair grounds is nearly completed.

—Mrs. John H. Brown, of Johnstown, is visiting friends in Ebensburg.

—Two men succeeded in licking a boy on our streets on last Saturday night.

—There are 11,000 more pupils attending schools in Pennsylvania than a year ago.

—Hon. James J. Thomas, of Carroll township, was in town to day (Thursday.)

—Mrs. Henry Scanlan, of Carrolltown, is visiting her son, Mr. William Scanlan, in this place.

—Ex-Register and Recorder James M. Singer, of Jackson township, was in town on Tuesday.

—Mr. Webster Griffith, who was absent on a visit to Kane, McKean county, returned on Tuesday.

—Mrs. E. Harvey, of East Conemaugh, was visiting friends in Ebensburg, during the present week.

—Mrs. Ed. Farabaugh, of Carrolltown, died at her home in that place on Monday night from typhoid fever.

—Mr. Joseph Long, of Croyle township, last week butchered a steer twenty months old that dressed 514 pounds.

—Captain Michael Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, was in town to-day in attendance at the Institute as a School Director.

—The Huntington county Teachers' Institute will be he held in Huntingdon tne week beginning Monday, December 1st.

—There was a slight fall of snow on Wednesday night and to-day (Thursday) the ground is covered with a mantle of white.

—Miss Rachael O'Hara, who for the past ten years has been a resident of Ebensburg, on Monday last took her departure for Greensburg.

—Mr. John Edwards, son of David Edwards of Cambria township, died on Saturday last of typhoid fever. He was about 21 years of age.

—On Saturday the employes of the Cambria Iron Company and the Gautier Steel Department received two weeks pay, amounting to $125,000.

—We are indebted to Professor John McCormick, Principal of the St. Augustine schools, for a report of the proceedings of the Teachers' Institute.

—The Grand Jury of Westmoreland county, in its presentment made Saturday, says the county home is in a filthy condition, the inmates lousy and the attendants cruel.

—Mr. Frank W. Gurley of this place has secured a position in the Duquesne railroad office in Pittsburg, and will remove with his family to that city in a week or two.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—An accident near Lock Haven, on the Tenney Mountain railroad, Monday evening killed John Davis, of Tamaqua; Harry Dininger, of Beavertown, and injured five others, one fatally.

—Mr. H. T. Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township, died on Tuesday last from cancer in the stomach after a long and painful illness. The deceased leaves a wife and large family to mourn his death.

—For sale.—One of the cosiest six-room houses with lot 140x160 feet, having all necessary outbuildings, etc., and all in good repair. Will be sold cheap. Call on or address the editor of the FREEMAN.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you *desire health* and sweet breath.

—Dr. M. R. B. Creery, of this place, accompanied by his son, Clark, left to day on a two weeks' visit to his daughter, Mrs. Ed. Saxton, at Winterburn, Clearfield county. During the Doctor's absence, his office will be closed.

—Mrs. Michael Kilduff, mother of James W. Kilduff, editor of the Gallitzin *Vindicator*, died at her home in Gallitzin, on Wednesday evening. The funeral of the deceased will take place on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—Jacob Snangle keeps a store in Latrobe, and when George Kuhn came in Tuesday and applied vile epithets to the proprietor he was cast out so vigorously that his leg was broken and his shoulder dislocated. Mr. Snangle keeps that store.

—A child of Charles Conrad, of Allegheny township, died on Sunday morning from the effects of burns sustained on the previous Monday by its clothing catching fire from the stove during the absence of the mother for a few minutes.

—Reuben McDonald, a constable of Coalmont, Huntingdon county, while attempting to arrest Harrison Spoolman Saturday night, was assaulted by the latter and received injuries, from which he died on Monday night. Spoolman has escaped.

—Coon hunts are expensive things over in Elk county, but they must indulge in them nevertheless. The last one heard from entailed a loss of a million feet of lumber, valued at $4,000, the hunters having built a fire to keep warm, with the result stated.

—Harry Riddle attempted to jump on a moving freight train at Cresson on Sunday last and fell with his left foot under the wheels. Two toes were mashed and he was taken to the Cambria Hospital at Johnstown for treatment. After having his toes dressed he was brought to the Almshouse on Monday.

—The convention of County Commissioners which assembled lately in Williamsport, adopted resolutions favoring the abolition of the office of Jury commissioner and providing for the selection of juries by the County Commissioners, and urging the passage of the tax bill, submitted to the Legislature by the tax commission.

—Frank Boober, a Scottdale painter, was terribly burned a few days ago. He had spilled some varnish over his clothing, and, approaching too near the fire, he was in an instant a mass of flame. He ran out and jumped into a gas main ditch and called for the workmen to cover him with earth, which they did, thus smothering the fire and saving Boober's life.

—In looking over the columns of the "FREEMAN" be sure and read the advertisement of Mrs. R. E. Jones, who offers bargains to all in dry goods, millinery goods, ladies' and children's coats and wraps etc. She offers a number of special bargains that will be to your interest to take advantage of in time before it is to late. Go at once and see them.

—A. E. Patton, of Curwensville, was in town last week and informed us of the organization of the Chest Creek Land and Improvement Company which was perfected at a meeting of the Stockholders held on Wednesday, by the election of the following officers: President, John Lang; Vice President, Wm. H. Dill; Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. Patton. This company proposes developing the coal lands, recently bought of Hon. John Patton, lying in Cambria and Clearfield counties.—*Clearfield Republican.*

—Policeman Wynkoop, of Altoona, went to the house of George Bender to arrest him. Bender got the officer off his guard and struck him on the head with a hatchet five times, cutting his left eye almost out and tearing the entire scalp loose. The officer held to his man and locked him up.

—C. C. Hicks, one of the passengers in the wreck at New Florence on Friday last and who was taken to the Cambria Hospital at Johnstown for treatment, died in that institution on Sunday evening. Mr. Hicks was a resident of Providence, R. I., and his remains were taken to that place for interment.

—While drilling a well for water on the Newton Hamilton camp meeting grounds on Tuesday last, a flow of gas was struck which has caused a great excitement in that locality. As yet it is not known whether gas in paying quantities exists there but the people have high hopes that a big well will be struck. The well at present is down six hundred feet.

—Boyd Gilmore, of Altoona, a boy 17 years of age, struck his uncle, Hugh Stewart, on the head with a baseball bat on Thursday of last week, from the effects of which he died a few hours later. The man was intoxicated and quarrelsome and the boy was afraid of him, but did not intend to kill him. Young Gilmore was sent to Hollidaysburg for Court.

—Mrs. Margaret Glass, of Johnstown, died at the home of her son-in-law Captain Flanigan, at Coalport, Clearfield county, on Wednesday morning, aged eighty-two years. The deceased was the widow of George Glass, deceased, who many years ago was a resident of Ebensburg. Her remains were taken to Johnstown, to-day (Thursday) and will be interred in Grand View cemetery at that place on Friday afternoon.

—Mr. John F. Smith of Munster township will sell at public sale at his residence in that township, on Saturday November 29th, 1890 at one o'clock P. M. two cows 1 one horse sled, 1 road cart, 1 plow, 1 shovel plow, 1 wheel barrow, 1 set work harness, 1 set single harness, hay and straw by the ton, corn fodder by the shock, oats, corn and buckwheat by the bushel, 2 sets chairs, 2 stoves, 2 beds, and other household and kitchen furniture too numerous to mention.

—The most disastrous conflagration in the history of Luthersburg, a small farming village of 400 souls, six miles from Dubois, Clearfield county, occurred on Saturday evening and destroyed every store but one in the town. The fire broke out in the rear of Carlisle's grocery store, burning the post office building, office and residence of Dr. Gregory, H. Morse's residence, general store and residence of J. K. Sayler, residence and large store of J. H. Edinger and two other buildings. The loss is between $35,000 and $40,000 with little insurance.

—Look out for them. A new swindling scheme is being perpetrated upon the unsuspecting farmers by smooth talking individuals who claim to be advertising a Chicago paint house. As an inducement to get their goods before the people they will furnish free of charge, ten gallons of paint, provided the farmer will sign a contract to use some on his house or barn upon its arrival; the contract then signed afterwards turns up in the form of an order for 100 gallons of paint at $2.25 per gallon. A gentleman from the northern part of the county was called upon last week to pay for 100 gallons at $2.60 per gallon. He compromised by paying $100.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—The Institute entertainments during the present week have been well attended, every seat in the court room being filled every night. On Monday night Hon. Henry Hall of Mercer county, lectured on the "Coming man" to an appreciative audience who were highly pleased with his lecture. On Tuesday evening, The Boston Ideal Banjo Guitar and Mandolin Club entertained the audience for a couple of hours with their delightful music and were applauded and recalled repeatedly. On Wednesday evening Rev. J. B. Koehne of Pittsburg did justice to his subject "Ghosts" and was frequently applauded. Superintendent Leech deserves the thanks of the teachers for the high class entertainments provided for their instruction and amusement during the present session of the Institute.

—On Thursday of last while Mr. John Eger, a well-known citizen of Barr township, who in addition to carrying on an extensive farm, operates a steam saw mill, was working on his mill he had his right hand cut off with the saw. Mr. Eger had sawed up a log all but the last cut and was running it through, and in order to prevent the piece of timber being sawed from springing, held it with his right hand, while with his left he held tne lever controling the action of the engine. When the saw was about half through Mr. Eger's foot slipped in the saw dust, which threw his hand in front of the saw, and in an instant the thumb and three fingers were torn off near the last joint, the only finger left being the little finger, which was also badly cut and mutilated. Mr. Eger has the sympathy of everyone in his severe misfortune.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of St. Michael's T. A. and B. Society held in Loretto, Sunday Nov. 9th. The following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from earth our friend and fellow member John A. McMullen, and

WHEREAS, In his death this society has lost a faithful and consistent member, and an ardent worker in the cause of temperance. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That knowing so well his many noble qualities and mourning most sincerely his unexpected death, it is but fitting that we here record the same, and express our sympathy with his relatives and friends in their bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the CAMBRIA FREEMAM, and a copy thereof be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

JAMES W. DAILY, }
JOHN TREXLER, } Com,
L. P. McDERMIT, }

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Geo. D. Mitchell,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents, Box 253, Washington, D. C Clerk Senate Pension Committee for last 7 years. If you like PROMPTNESS write me. Glad to give advice. oc31.6t

County Institute.

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Cambria County Teachers' Institute was called to order by Superintendent Leech at 5:15 P. M., on Monday in a short but appropriate address.

The number of teachers enrolled before the opening of the Institute was 198.

The Institute opened with music by Prof. J. O. Isensehy. Songs, "America" and "Weary Work."

Prof. Brumbaugh, of Huntingdon, was next introduced and gave a talk on commercial geography. Meteorology was dwelt on briefly and commercial geography was treated at length.

Music was next in order, "Sweet Summer's Gone Away."

Supt. Leech next introduced Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, whose theme was the "Mysteries of the Teachers' Art." Dr. Schaeffer is one of the most advanced educators of the country and his talk was highly instructive and entertaining.

Song, "May" was next sung by Institute.

Dr. Z. H. Snyder, of Indiana, next spoke on "Problems in Education." Dr. Snyder handled his subject in a masterly manner, and at the conclusion was greatly applauded.

The following teachers were appointed as a Committee of Introduction: Prof. J. S. Foley, Miss Mary Durbin, Mr. F. B. Ott, Miss Fannie Richardson, Miss Drucie McCleester, Miss Ida Cramer, Mr. Renal Somerville, Miss Annie Grimes, Mr. W. E. Miltonberger, Prof. R. E. Davison and Miss Ella Sweeny.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The first meeting of the the teachers' special session was called to order at 8:30 o'clock, 209 teachers having thus far been enrolled.

Mr. Weakland nominated Mr. J. S. Foley fo Vice President, which was seconded by Mr. J. McCormick. Mr. Foley nominated Mr. McCormick, who declined and moved that Mr. Foley's nomination be made unanimous, which was done.

Misses Sara McGough and Annie Beynon were selected as Secretaries.

The minutes of Monday's session were then read and adopted, after which Prof. T. B. Allison was elected treasurer of the Institute.

"Proper Punishments" was discussed by Professors Somerville, Itell, Foley, Eirick and Allison, and also by Rev. Smith and Supt. Leech.

Music, "Merry Songs."

Supt. Leech next introduced Supt. J. M. Borkey, of Somerset county, who gave a learned disquisition on orthography.

Song, "When We Are Men and Women."

Dr. Schaeffer next spoke of the globe, its interior, etc.

Song, "The Whistle Guard."

The subject of "Organization" was then discussed by Dr. Snyder.

Prof. Brumbaugh spoke briefly of training pupils how to think.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Institute called to order at 1:40.

Song, "Weary Work:" was sung by Institute under leadership of Prof. Isensehr.

Supt. Brumbaugh spoke on the relation of language to geography.

Song, "Oh! Give Me a Home by the Sea."

Dr. Schaeffer continued his talk of Monday on the "Mysteries of Our Art."

Songs, "Star Spangled Banner" and "The Farmer Boy."

Dr. Snyder continued his talk of the morning on "Organization."

Songs were sung after which the Institute adjourned.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Institute called to order at 8:80. Minutes of preceedings read and approved.

The subject of "County Uniformity of Text Books" was discussed by Prof. McCormick and others.

Committee appointed to select text books and report at next Institute.

Song, "Joyous Summer Day."

Prof. Allison then took up the subject of "Geography."

Song, "The Banner of Liberty."

Supt. Borkey next took up the subject of "Spelling," followed by a song entitled "Merry Songs."

Dr. Shaffer resumed his talk on "Teaching Geography."

Prof. Brumbaugh followed by a talk on "Number Work."

Song, "When We Are Men and Women."

Dr. Snyder continued his talk on "Organization," after which Hon. Henry Houck, Deputy State Superintendent, made a brief address.

Committee on Resolutions appointed.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Institute called to order at 1:30, and opened by singing.

Dr. Shaeffer spoke on "Decimal Fractions."

Song, "The Whistle Guard."

Dr. Snyder next spoke on "Teaching."

Prof. Brumbaugh continued his talk on "Language."

Songs, "Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

Dept. State Supt. Houck spoke on "Music in Schools."

Song, "Sweet Summer's Gone Away."

Institute adjourned.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for two weeks ending Wednesday, November 19th, 1890.

John E. Musback and Annie Bannon, Johnstown.

William E. Lippencott and Sarah J. Benshoff, Johnstown.

Frank Taylor, Fishertown, Bedford county, and Libbie Blackburn, Morellville.

William Schwaderer, Summit, and Louisa Cramer, Juniata township, Blair county.

Daniel J. Dimond and Julia C. Cassiday, Johnstown.

Peter Bitner and Mary Ritner, Johnstown.

David Rager, Jackson township and Margaret Ford, West Taylor township.

Frank Rafferty and Jane Alice Bonner, Johnstown.

Patrick J. Mash and Mary J. Toobey, Frugality.

Harry H. Bridge and Carrie M. Levergood, Johnstown.

Hugh O. Dunnmyer, Franklin and Lizzie A. Kist, East Conemaugh.

Howard J. Speckler and Emma Bower, Johnstown.

James M. Buck, Gallitzin and Sadie M. Glass, Munster township.

Joseph Lordich Johnstown and Magdalena Lentz, Loretto.

Samuel Hockenbery and Dora A. Fortney, Reade township.

John S. Gates, Johnstown Evaline Hunter, Morrellville.

Charles H. Keene and Lizzie M. Pfiel, Johnstown.

David W. Hammond, Ebensburg and Katie Smith, Jackson township.

Lewis Lilly, Munster township and Katie Luttringer, Ebensburg.

Stephen Pwarnick and Catharine Olenyck, Johnstown.

William Robine and Rosie Farren, Washington township.

Matthew Robb and Margaret J. McGough, Johnstown.

William Minahan, Johnstown and Ella M. Watkins, Gallitzin.

Hugh McCloskey and Susan O'Connell, Johnstown.

George Newton Jepson and Effie May Parks, Hastings.

James T. Ward, Ehrenfield and Effie Dimond, Summerhill.

W. R. Rosensteel, Braddock and Harriet C. Champeno, Johnstown.

William A. Riblett, Conemaugh and Rella E. Adams, Coopersdale.

Michael Satapo and Annie Olesko, Ehrenfield.

Lewis R. Rusher, Greensburg, Westmoreland county and Mamie D. Newman, Lower Yoder township.

Scott H. Cunningham, Derry, Westmoreland county and Olive Plunkard, Johnstown.

Thomas Dawson and Kate Neigunt, Hastings.

Augustie Saltziver, Clearfield township and Julia Will, Ashville.

Reubin A. Adams and Mamie E. Rowland, Coopersdale.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Stineman has advertised the following properties at Sheriff's sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, December 1st 1890:

The interest of Emilie Dandray in a lot of ground in Elder township, having thereon a plank house.

The interest of Louis Berthe in a lot of ground in Elder township, having thereon a plank house.

The interest D. A. McHugh in a lot of ground in East Conemaugh.

The interest of Fled Blattert in a lot of ground in Stonycreek township, having thereon a two-story plank house with basement.

The interest of Wm. O. Stephens in 160 acres of land in Carroll township, about 75 cleared, having thereon a plank house and frame barn.

The interest of Harris Pettier in a lot of ground in 13th ward, Johnstown, fronting 20 feet 6 inches on Iron street, having thereon a two-story building.

The interest of Samuel M. Kern, deceased, and J. C. Morehead, *terre tenant*, in 273 acres of land in Summerhill township, about 80 acres cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log stable.

The Interest of John Henly in a triangular lot of ground in Gallitzin borough, not now occupied.

The interest of Wilson Gallagher in 100 acres of land in Allegheny township, about 65 acres cleared, having thereon a two story plank house and log barn.

The interest of John Coad in a lot of ground in Second ward, Johnstown, fronting 28 feet on Washington street, having thereon a three story brick house with Mansard roof.

The interest of J. C. Morehead in 273 acres of land in Summerhill township, about 80 acres cleared having thereon a one-and-a-half story plank house and log stable.

The interest of same in 398 acres of land in Summerhill township, having thereon a one-and-a-half story plank house and a barn.

The interest of same in 300 acres of land in Summerhill township, having thereon a two story frame house and stable.

The interest of same in 98 acres of land in Summerhill township, having thereon a one-and-a-half story plank house and stable.

The interest of same in 46 acres of land in Summerhill township, all cleared, having thereon a two story plank house, a barn and outbuildings.

The interest of V. Luttringer in a lot of ground in East ward, Ebensburg, fronting 66 feet on Horner street, having thereon a two story house and a stable.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Assignee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an Alias order of sale issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned assignee of John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, his wife, will expose to public sale on the premises hereinafter described as No. 1, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 29TH, 1890,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

No. 1. All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Wilmore, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, that is to say, fronting 30 feet on Main street and extending back same width to propeity of Abe Buttler, having lot of M. D. Schryock on the south, and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and outbuildings.

No. 2. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post and pointers, thence north 88 degrees east 140 perches to a post and pointers; thence south 2 degrees east 124 perches to a beech; thence south 88 degrees west 140 perches to a post and pointers; thence north 2 degrees west 124 perches to the place of beginning, containing 102 acres, 55 perches and allowance. The coal underlaying this property will be offered for sale separate and apart from the surface thereof, with all necessary mining privileges: the assignee however, reserving the right to sell the same as a whole, or of selling the coal separate and apart from the surface.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured with bond and mortgage or judgment notes of purchasers. Purchasers to have the privilege of paying the whole of their bids in cash.

JOSEPH H. DIMOND,
Assignee of John and Lucinda P. McCormick.
Nov. 21, 1890.

COMMON PLEAS TRIAL LIST.
Second Monday in December.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank....vs. Anna.
Fisher et al....vs. Rager et al.
Vivian....vs. Williams et al.
Langenheim & Shephard....vs. Parish.
Rutledge & Miller....vs. Conler et al.
Pringle....vs. Pringle.
Gray....vs. Gray & Wyland.
King....vs. Cook et al.
Wyland....vs. Kinports.
Cresswell....vs. Cole.
Irvin....vs. Gill et al.
Irvin....vs. Kutruff et al.
Kline....vs. Elliott.
Miller....vs. Storm et al.
Anna....vs. Notley.
McGary & Son....vs. P. R. R. Co.
Gallagher....vs. Baker et al.
Same....vs. same.
Malchonson....vs. Loughry.
Wilson....vs. Myers et al.
Kunkle....vs. Fondelier et al.
Flick....vs. Adams.
Yost....vs. Diehl et al.
Klein....vs. Diehl et al.
McCawley....vs. Vaughn.

J. C. DARBY, Prothy.
Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1890.

STRAY COW.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Portage township, Cambria county, on or about the 25th of October last, a red cow with right horn broken off, about five years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

JEREMIAH BURKET.
Portage, Nov. 14, 1890.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came to the residence of the subscriber residing in Allegheny township on or about the 8th of September last a stray red and white heifer, 3 years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

GEORGE F. HAID.
Allegheny township, Nov. 14, 1880. 3t.

EXECUTORSS' NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed executors of the estate of the late Robert L. Johnston, request all parties having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for payment, and those knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment thereof.

A. W. BUCK,
ROBT. SCANLAN,
Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 14, 1890. Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of John A. Krise, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the samd without delay to

JOSEPH A. KRISE.
Clearfield t wp., Nov. 14, 1890. Administrator.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

TAKE FOR
RHEUMATISM
GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the
IMPORTED
"ANCHOR"
PAIN EXPELLER
IT IS AND WILL EVER BE
the BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.
Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.
One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands:
Terrebonne, La., Jan. 26, '90.
Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.
SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.
50 Cents a bottle.
OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.
European Houses: Rudolstadt, Gy., London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.
22 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.
oct 3 1890 1y.

Something
To Interest You.

—()—

You are cordially invited to call and examine our new and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Notions, Coats and Wraps, and Ladies' Furnishing Goods.

In black Dress Goods we have a good assortment of Cashmeres, Silk Warp Henriettas and Serges, and in colored we have the latest styles in Plain, Plaid and Striped Goods at all prices.

In Ladies' Coats we have a splendid stock of the latest novelties in Cloth, Jersey and Plush in long and medium-length garments. Also a full line of Plush and Astrakhan Capes.

In Coats for children we have a good assortment of Plaids and Plain Beavers in the latest styles.

We would also call your special attention to a lot of desirable Coats left over from last season which we are closing out regardless of cost

Ladies' Long Coats in Cloth, in all sizes, which were sold at $12 we are selling at $6. Coats worth $6 to $8 we are selling at $2.50 to $3.50.

Ladies' Short Coats worth $3 to $5 are going at $1.50 to $2.50. Also Coats for misses and children, from 4 to 16 years of age, on which we are making the same reduction. $5 coats for $2.50; $3 coats for $1.50; $2 coats for $1.

Our business is steadily increasing and owing to a scarcity of room we have determined to make a clean sweep of this line of coats this winter, and as they have been widely advertised, it will be to your interest to call as early as possible before the best sizes are sold out.

MRS. R. E. JONES,
EBENSBURG, PA.

This is no scheme to catch trade. We have these goods just as represented.

NOTICE OF INTENDED APPLICATION FOR CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county on the First day of December, A. D. 1890, under Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations, Approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto by Thomas Munroe, H. J. Newbard, Joseph M. Gunning, Michael Connelly, Andrew Yeackle, Elias Shaffer, John L. Nickel, A. Padala, F. F. Hoff and others, for the Charter of an intended Corporation to be called the "Friendship Hose Company," of Gallitzin, Pa., the character and object of which is, "For the prevention, control and extinguishment of fire, and of social intercourse among its members," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly, aforesaid, and its supplements.

ED. T. McNEELIS,
Nov. 7, 1890. Solicitor.

FOR SALE.—In Cambria Township, within fifteen minutes walk of Post Office, a small property, beautifully situated and affording a fine view of the town and surrounding country. Contains five and a half acres (5½) of fertile land, a fine orchard, lawn shaded with maples and catalpa trees. Four roomed house with summer kitchen, wood and coal house attached. Excellent cellar. Drilled well, never failing supply of pure, cold water. Good stable, tree sheds and carriage shed. Excellent location for summer home, or fruit and truck farm. For terms call on or address

MRS. A. R. READ,
Ebensburg, Pa.

HASTINGS HOTEL.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at the Station, near the centre of the town on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars of the best brands. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Florian Bengele, Loretto borough, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Florien Bengele, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Loretto, Pa., Oct. 15, 1890. Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of John A. McMullen, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands against the same shall present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. K. McMULLEN,
Administrator of John A. McMullen, dec'd.
Loretto, Nov. 14th, 1890.

COMMON PLEAS TRIAL LIST.
Third Monday in December, 1890.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank....vs. Anna.
Butzerbaugh....vs. Cunningham et al.
Fisher et al....vs. Reger et al.
Grevy....vs. Reade.
Cresswell....vs. Cole.
Farber....vs. Haywood.
Irvin....vs. Gill et al.
Irvin....vs. Kutruff et al.
Kline....vs. Elliott.
Miller....vs. McKay.
Carney....vs. Smith.
Sloan....vs. McMullen.
Use Wiley....vs. Humbert et al.
Murdock & Bro....vs. McKeever et al.
Glasgow....vs. Shoemaker.
Gray....vs. Wyland.
Farrell....vs. Weakland.
Donohoe (assignee)....vs. Buck.
Nagle....vs. Kohsky.
Saupp....vs. Washington Twp.

J. C. DARBY, Prothy.
Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1890.

GUS. SIMON

Sweeps the County by an Overwhelming Majority.

We Always Lead in Low Prices.

There is one thing that the people of this place are beginning to realize, viz: That we are the Leaders of Low Prices in Blair and Cambria counties. All our customers admit that it is a decided advantage to purchase here

Notwithstand the efforts of others to force prices up, we have bought to better advantage this than any previous season in our history. Our purchases for Fall previous to change of tariff were enormous. Being cash buyers we had no difficulty in securing exceptional bargains.

Scarcity of money in the Eastern markets induced us to buy beyond the capacity of our store. Some of our goods are still in New York awaiting our orders for shipment. Our stores are now packed from cellar to roof—not one inch is idle, and this stock must move regardless of profits. We are offering values never seen before, and never to be secured again. Call and see us, and you will say that such values were never to be had as we offer you now.

Our stock includes everything carried by a modern

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoe and Furnishing House.

PLUSH JACKETS, LONG AND SHORT COATS FOR LADIES, LONG COATS FOR CHILDREN.—We have them all in endless variety. Our prices save you money and our goods are guaranteed. If any of our Ladies' Jackets or Coats do not give satisfaction, we will replace them by giving a new one, as we have done so before.

Overcoats for Men, Boys and Children.

We have a fine line of Overcoats in all the latest styles. Ask to see our fine Beaver Overcoats with velvet collars, any color, at $9 00, worth $15 00. Boys' Overcoats from $2.00 up.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR CLOTHING CUSTOMERS.

We received this day another shipment of those Seal Plush Coats and Vest. The amount of them is limited, so if you want one give us a call at once.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

We have a full line of rubber goods at a saving of 25 per cent. Give me a call and be convinced that I am selling at the lowest prices between Phila delphia and Pittsburg.

GUS. SIMON,
GALLITZIN'S LOW PRICE MERCHANT.

KENDALL'S
SPAVIN CURE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*
Respectfully,
F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.
oct10.90.1y.

THE SUN
FOR
1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never weakening or wavering in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun.*

Daily, per month,	$0.50
Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0.70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1.00

Address THE SUN, New York.

ALEXANDER F. HAY,
CATERER,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining and Lunch Rooms,
614 Penn Avenue, - PITTSBURG, PA.
Weddings, Parties, Luncheons, etc., supplied with every requisite, to any available point, by rail or other conveyance. Special and propmt attention given orders by mail or telephone.
August 22, 1890-3m.

SALESMEN WANTED.
A good chance to secure a paying situation for the dull winter months. Each salesman furnished with a complete outfit illustrating and describing New Fruits, etc., that sell readily. Salary and expenses from start. Write for terms.
HOOPES, BROS. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries,
West Chester, Pa.
oct17 6t

BARGAINS
—IN—
HARNESS!

We have the largest and finest stock of Harness, Robes and Horse Blankets ever seen in Cambria county. A single visit to our establishment will convince you on this point. Our store is absolutely

Teeming with Bargains.

We can sell you Plush Robes from Two Dollars up. Fur Robes from Three Dollars and a Half up. Horse Blankets from Sixty Cents to Five Dollars. Other articles at correspondingly low prices. Give us a call.

FURS! FURS!

When you visit our store bring your Otter, Mink, Red Fox, Gray Fox, Raccoon, Skunk, Opposum and Muskrat Furs and Skins with you. We will pay the highest cash price for them.

G. L. FREDERICKS,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.
BE UP TO THE MARK
TRADE
CELLULOID
MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.
mat.89-1y

OVERCOATS!
Clothing! :: Clothing!

Having returned from the Eastern cities I am now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices in the county. As I buy and sell for cash, I can and will sell you Clothing at prices that defy competiti on. Never before have the people of Cambria had such an opportunity of buying first class goods at such low prices. Call soon and see my stock, learn prices and be convinced.

Very Respectfully,
C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PENNA.
oc3-90-1y

AFRAID OF BANKS.

A Divorced Wife Loses $15,000 Alimony Hidden in Her Bosom.

Why is it that the majority of women are so afraid of a bank? asks the New York Star. They are only satisfied with money; checks, bank-books, or other evidence of money do not please them. When I read about the woman a few days ago who put her money under the waist of her dress and then lost it, I was reminded of a similar loss, only of a larger amount, which occurred in this city a few years ago. After much litigation in the Supreme Court an ill-used wife got a decree of divorce and about $15,000 alimony. The lawyers and the wife and her mother met in one of the small rooms of the court-house and settled. The husband's lawyer had a certified check for the alimony, but the wife wouldn't touch it; she wanted money. In vain did her own counsel assure her that the check was better than money; it was so much safer. Her husband's treatment of her had been cruel, and he had fought her application for divorce in such a mean way that she had come to distrust every thing he proposed. She believed that the check was a trick, and she wouldn't have it. So the two lawyers went out, got the check cashed, and came back with the money. She took it, carefully deposited it in her bosom, smilingly observing that no thieves could get hold of it there.

She and her mother left the court-house and took the Sixth avenue elevated for Forty-second street. When they got home the money was gone. Womanlike, they believed that the judge who decreed the alimony could in some way make the loss good, and they rushed back to the court-house and obtained an interview with him. He is one of the tenderest-hearted men in the world, and he has since described the meeting as one of the most painful he ever had. The loss of the money rendered them absolutely penniless, and there were two children whose custody had been given to the mother, the father being worth less in every respect except pecuniarily. The wife cried and the mother sobbed. The judge explained to them that the case was closed; that final judgment had been rendered and complied with, that they had insisted upon taking bills instead of a certified check, which had been offered to them, and that they had only themselves to blame for the loss. He didn't convince the excited and heart-broken women by such arguments. Finally, there being no other way of getting rid of them, the judge agreed to send to the husband and lay the case before him. He was not called upon in any manner to do this, nor, in fact, had he any right to; but his magnanimity and pity caused him to. I never heard that he succeeded, however, and am under the impression that the wife never got any thing more from her husband. He had paid the court's decree and he let her go—to starve, if it should so happen.

TENDER AS A BABE.

That Is Why an Irish Barber Sympathized with His Victim.

The village of Garrison's, on the Hudson, is the home of a few wealthy city people during the heated term, says the New York Sun. Garrison's is not populous enough to support a regular barber, and so this very necessary function has been assumed by the baggage-man at the Hudson river railroad station, who is known as Dan. It is a funny sight to see a lawn-tennis dandy with yellow shoes lying in an ordinary arm-chair, his head over the back and resting on the book in which Dan keeps his accounts, and which lies upon a desk. For scraping the jowls of the city boarders the baggage-man earns many a dime between trains.

This reminds the writer of an experience in the Arran islands, on the west coast of Ireland, last February. He had three weeks' growth of beard on his face, and he hunted over the three islands for a barber, at last finding one who was willing to undertake the job. The Arran barber had never shaved a Yankee, and was overjoyed at the chance. He was twenty years old, and had been engaged all his life at building stone walls. He sharpened his razor on a piece of smooth flagstone, and seated his victim in a kitchen chair. One man held the patient's head, and a dozen interested spectators looked on, for it was an altogether unprecedented event in the islands. The lathering was done with a piece of hard brown soap, which was rubbed over the face. Grabbing a handful of hair on top of the patient's head, the stone-wall builder flourished the razor in the air and exclaimed:

"Are ye all ready, sir?"

"All right," was the trembling reply. Down came the razor with a sweep like that of a scythe. The implement was evidently as full of teeth as a buzzsaw. It tore the hair out by the roots. It raised the victim bolt upright as if a cannon cracker had exploded. Tears gathered in his eyes. His hands clinched convulsively, and a rivulet of blood ran down his cheek. The butcher went to the window to wipe his weapon clean. While standing there he looked up and exclaimed sympathetically:

"Shure, sir, ye have a face as tindher as a little babby!"

The shave was concluded three weeks later in the city of Galway.

DISCRIMINATING SHOT.

It Was so Aimed as to Hit a Deer or a Calf.

The following story is told of a couple of sportsmen by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan, and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer hunting expedition, and, after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off; he immediately went over to the spot where he heard the shot, expecting to be obliged to help Cowan to hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out:

"Hallo, Cowan! What did you shoot at just now?"

"None o' your business! Go along over the hill!"

Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around and discovered a calf among the bushes. Again he cried out:

"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at that calf?"

"Yes, I did; but it's none o' your business!"

"Why, what made you shoot at it?"

"I took it for a deer."

"Well, did you hit it?"

"No; I missed it."

"How did you miss it?"

"I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf."

"You are a pretty sportsman," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and miss it at that!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself," rejoined Cowan. "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a calf!"

Perforated by Lightning.

A terrific rain and lightning-storm visited the vicinity of Lexington, O. A great deal of damage to crops was done in the towns of Fremont and Speaker. Leonard Pratt, a farmer living about two miles north of Roseburg, while walking along the road near this place, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. A hole was made in his head by lightning, and the strings of his shoes were cut as smooth as though done with a knife. No injury was done to his clothing.

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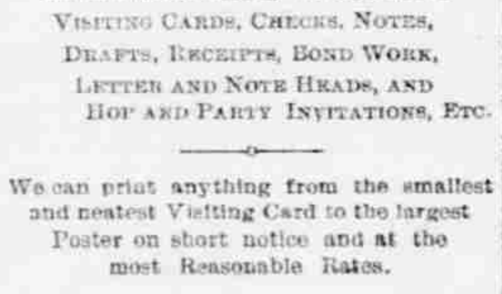

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April 25th, '90-1y.

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THE FARJEON CHILDREN.

How They Amuse Joseph Jefferson, Their Beloved Grandfather.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is Joseph Jefferson's son-in-law; he lives in London, has a lovely home, a charming family, and he entertains delightfully. From all I hear, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News, I judge that his three little children must be prodigies. The youngest is named after his grandpa and he seems to have inherited his grandpa's fondness and facility for art. Curiously enough he is the picture of Jefferson—having the same bright blue eyes, delicate features and characteristic smile. The oldest boy—I think his name is Frank—is always saying and doing bright things. A year ago Mrs. Madge Kendall spent the day with Mrs. Farjeon, and the two ladies enjoyed a good old-fashioned gossip all the afternoon; the way they discussed and criticised all their acquaintances was simply a caution. Next day Master Frank remarked at dinner: "Papa, I have written out with the type-writer all that mamma and Mrs. Kendall said yesterday." And so the wretched child had; all the scandal and gossip was reported with shocking fidelity, and may be Mr. Farjeon didn't have a lovely time reading it aloud to his astounded spouse. This experience taught Mrs. Farjeon a serious lesson.

Not long ago the Farjeon children went with their mother to service in one of the neighboring churches where the rector was an extreme ritualist. Wearied by all the ceremony, little Joe Farjeon finally whispered hoarsely to his mother, when the sermon was about half through: "Come on, mamma, le's go; don't le's wait for the last act!"

The children write plays for their grandpa. Very thrilling plays they are, too. Grandpa Jefferson enjoys them hugely, but one day, while reading one one of these productions, he stopped and asked: "Frank, what do all these blanks mean? There doesn't seem to be any sense at all."

"That's where you are to swear, grandpa," explained the child. "We left it blank on purpose, because we knew you could do it better than we could.

FULL OF BUSINESS.

A Woman Who Knows How to Make Money Without Working for It.

There was a party of us on the train going to the Rocky mountains, says a correspondent of the St. Joseph (Mo.) News, and the news agent badgered us so that one of us got a lurid narrative of Jesse James' life just to get rid of the fellow. He read pieces of it to us and we got so enthusiastic that we stopped off a day at St. Joseph to look at the house Jesse was killed in.

When we had climbed the bluff at Convent Hill and a darky pointed out the shanty, our ardor began to diminish. We knocked at the door and a woman opened it, looked at us awhile, and then said:

"Want to see the house Jesse James was shot in?"

We said we did.

"Well, this is it. Just come right in. There ain't no shooting around here now." We came into a miserably-furnished room, and passing through she showed us a perfectly bare room.

"Thar' it is. Jist as it was the day they shot 'im. Right thar's whar he stood. Right outside this winder's whar the Ford boys stood."

The floor was all whittled and pieces cut out of it. One of us suggested that we get some relics to take back East with us.

"We would like to have a small piece of the floor as a memento," said one.

"Wal," she said, "we don't make no habit o' selling sich, but, seein' as you's all the way from back East, why, I'll let you have a piece each at half a dollar apiece."

She cut small slices of the flooring and gave us each one, and, when we had paid her and passed around to the yard, we heard the woman saying to somebody in the house:

"John, guess ye'd better hev the carpenter come up and put a new floor in thet room. This is the fourth we've hed in, and it's nigh all cut away."

GYPSY PRINCE WILLIAM.

His Wealth, His Wife and the Chariot That Barnum Coveted.

Prince William is the richest gypsy in America, perhaps, and he rolls about the world in a big silver and gold chariot, the grandest wagon in New England, says the Hartford (Conn.) Times. Prince William is smart and shrewd. He drives a troop of horses and trades them to farmers. His wife goes about the towns at which he halts and tells fortunes for twenty-five cents or one dollar an augury. Not long ago Princess Mary William told Mrs. Ibith, of Rockville, that her husband was a "regular Don Juan." Mrs. Ibith pitched into Ibith, and then Don Juan whipped Princess Mary. The affair made Rockville unattractive to the prince, so he rallied his band, mounted the lofty seat of his flaming chariot, and, with his troop of horses trailing behind, rolled over the rough hills through lofty Hebron towns into Hartford.

He is still in Hartford, having had his chariot repainted and embellished. It is a wonderful affair. No Pharoah ever rushed to battle in one body so big, flashing and cumbrous. It is chariot and home both to the chief and his wife. They sit on the high seat as they travel, overlooking a league of country; when they are encamped they sleep inside. The interior is beautifully fitted up; the walls are covered with elegant and costly hangings. It is comfortable, warm and cozy. Outside the carriage is a work of art. The sides are handsomely paneled, painted and varnished. The groundwork is of maroon color, and the ornamentation of gold. On the panels are oil paintings of hunting and sporting scenes. The wheels and running gear are painted to match the body, and all the metal work is triple silver-plated.

The gypsy prince is about to set out on his great tour, and proposes to go in gorgeous style. The chariot has cost Prince William altogether $2,500. It was built for $1,500, and the improvement at Hartford cost $1,000 more. At one time P. T. Barnum saw the gypsy chief riding about in splendor and tried to buy the outfit, but Prince William is just as big a chief as Barnum, and he wouldn't sell it.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Linen.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gets all her house-linen from Paris, woven and decorated from select patterns submitted by the manufacturers. Her sheets are considerably finer texture than the tablecloth that a $10,000-a-year housekeeper could afford; the drawn work, fringing and edging with which they are finished are models in needle-work. These wonderful pieces of the loom are made with a lap end some sixteen inches deep, to be turned over the edge of the bedclothes as a finish for the spread. Some have an arabesque pattern in open applique, others are embellished with laid embroidery, and some have the monogram in Kensington or drawn work. The sheets for the empire beds are trimmed with a thread-lace flounce or ruffle of open embroidery, and each, when laundered, is folded the size of a handkerchief, tied with colored ribbons, and laid away between sachets of sweet lavender. The pillow-cases, also of the very fruit of the loom, are trimmed at the open end with lace, some of it a hand deep and as lovely in texture as the ruffles of a pictured Marquis, and in one side is the monogram, representing a sort of mosaic in thread and the labor of months.

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THE KING OF TRAMPS.

How Wilson Becker Earned This Questionable Title.

He Is Only a Lad of Twenty But the Most Expert Knight of the Road in the Country—Story of His Trans-Continental Expedition.

Wilson Becker, alias "Sailor Kid," the regularly elected king of the tramps, has just completed a trip which gives him a perpetual claim on the throne of American vagrancy, says the Baltimore Herald. In May, the young man, whose proud boast is that he "never done a lick of work 'less I had to" in his life, was made the subject of a wager at Boston. His backer bet a large sum that the "Sailor Kid" would travel from the Hub to San Francisco and return in the space of twenty-one days without spending a cent for railway fare or food. The feat was accomplished, and the sport who risked his money on the tramp presented him, the other evening, with $500 of his winnings.

Becker now offers to venture this sum—the most money he ever had in his life—on the proposition that he can beat his way around the world under the same conditions as those of his transcontinental trip, in 102 days. Meanwhile he basks in the homage of his ragged subjects, who declare that "der king can't be downed by any man wot works der road."

It may be interesting to note how this lad, not yet twenty years old, has solved the problem of living without labor and gained the names by which he is known. He was born in Demarara, British Guiana, and was christened Wilson Becker. At the age of nine he ran away. Working on the sympathy of sailors by romantic but untruthful tales of woe, he made voyages to Calcutta, Hong Kong, Honolulu and England.

After an absence of eighteen months he reached home. But the fever of traveling was in his veins, and he next essayed land journeys throughout the United States with a success that has no interruption up to the present time.

In 1887 young Becker, who, because of his nautical experience, was known to the fraternity as "Sailor Kid," attended a big convention of tramps at the Nanticoke (Pa.) coal breaker. It was decided by this convention to choose a king. The convention developed two candidates of about equal strength—Patsy Bolivar and "Sailor Kid." Each was popular and had a large following. After several unsatisfactory ballots, numerous fights and the consumption of oceans of beer, the contending factions made a compromise. It was agreed that the crown should grace the brow of the candidate who made the quickest trip from New York City to San Francisco and back, via New Orleans. Becker won with hands down.

While en route he chanced to learn that Indians were allowed to ride free on trains crossing the western prairies, and while "Patsy" Bolivar "plugged along" slowly in freight cars, the "Sailor Kid," with feathers in his hair, paint on his face and a blanket over his shoulders, sped westward in the smoker of a lightning express. This was but one of the many schemes he found available, and as a result he gained the insignia of royalty. It took twenty-six days to make the race for the throne, and on the twenty-eighth his majesty assumed the scepter with the title of Wilson I., and received the submission of his motley gang of subjects.

Organization seems to be the keynote of modern existence, and the tramps are, perhaps, as well organized as any body of peaceable, industrious, sober artisans. The "Knights of the Road," as they call themselves, hold yearly conventions and keep up regular communication with each other by means of a sign language unintelligible save to the initiated. These signs indicate where to go, what places to avoid and the route taken by the maker. They appear cut or chalked on fences, are displayed in paint or pencil along the circumference of water tanks or round houses, and disfigure the walls of country depots. Door posts or gates are also utilized for conveying information about dogs, "hand outs" "square meals" and the possibility of being compelled to work for a night's lodging.

One custom is common to the millionaire and the tramp. Each is a denizen of the city during the winter and seeks the country in the summer. But while the farmer welcomes the one, the other is an object of aversion and distrust, save, perhaps, in haying or harvest time, when, for large compensation, the knight of the road may be induced to do a little work.

It is estimated by King Wilson I. that he has 30,000 subjects throughout the United States. He doesn't comprise in this number the honest poor, who are looking for employment, or the capitalistic gypsies who own horses and wagons and journey from place to place, tinkering broken pots and pans, making sharp trades and devastating hen roosts and melon patches. His lieges are those only who "don't have to work" and who would flee a woodpile or a job quicker than they would a pest house. The ever present nuisance of this great army of leeches has become so intolerable that many States carry on their statute books laws that might seem harsh and unreasonable to the theoretic philanthropists, but which, with all their severity, seem to avail little in checking the growing evil of voluntary idleness.

TALK OF INFANTS.

When Does the Language of Babies Become Intelligible?

The Listener, of the Boston Transcript, mentions the case of a fond mother of his acquaintance who had a remarkable baby, who, the mother insists, says "Mamma's little girl" so distinctly that anybody in the world could make it out. And this is the way, exactly, that the baby pronounces it:

"Lubble, lubble, lubble."

This is not nearly such plain English as that used by a friend of the Listener's, now a man and an honest and able one, who, when he was two years old, mystified the members of his family by calling out in the imperative mood:

"Bixit, baxit, cloxit!"

All gathered round and tried hard to make out what the youngster meant. But the most definite statement that they could get out of him was: "Bixit, baxit, cloxit." At last, by dint of a good deal of pantomime, the child got them into the pantry and indicated a particular place in it, and then his remark translated itself to them. What he meant to say was: "I want a biscuit, in the basket in the closet!"

The Bonnet Wouldn't Budge.

While waiting for a train at Yokohama station not many years ago, a tourist observed a Japanese gentleman faultlessly attired in European dress approach a Japanese lady (also dressed after the manner of civilized nations) and lift his hat with a pretty bow made in the orthodox Western style. Thereupon Mme. Chrysantheme, looking a trifle embarrassed, essayed to return the compliment by lifting her bonnet. Finding, however, that this troublesome headpiece declined to yield, the poor, little lady tugged at it hard with both hands; but as all her exertions were unavailing, she ultimately slid her hands down the front of her dress and inclined her body after the manner of uncivilized Japanese when they meet each other in the street naturally clothed.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

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Try Them Fairly.

A vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves and a cheerful mind will result.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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PRECIOUS GOLD DUST.

Kept in a Table Drawer at the Government Printing Office.

Seven thousand dollars' worth of gold dust in [illegible] fingers into the yellow stuff [illegible] how soft and agreeable to the [illegible] is, says the Washington Star [illegible] attendant in charge [illegible] fully and sees that [illegible] with any of it. [illegible] touch, because it is all [illegible] gold-beater's film rubbed to [illegible] palpable powder. For the [illegible] son, too, it is absolutely pure [illegible] metal, twenty-four carats fine.

The drawer is in charge of a young girl at the Government [illegible] office. Her work there is [illegible] lettering and ornamentation [illegible] covers. The precious substance [illegible] to her in the shape of little [illegible] sheets of foil inexpressibly [illegible] between layers of tissue paper [illegible] in book form, each book [illegible] ty-four gold sheets. Handling [illegible] a matter requiring great skill [illegible] you might not imagine it from [illegible] inspection. To begin with, the [illegible] young woman places on the table [illegible] her an ordinary leather [illegible] She takes from the little [illegible] sheet of the foil, not with [illegible] but by [illegible] of raw cotton. Laying down [illegible] of pure yellow gold upon [illegible] she cuts it into three pieces [illegible] knife. She makes it [illegible] ing gently upon it with [illegible] One of the pieces [illegible] back of the cover where [illegible] go; another she also puts [illegible] where the name of the [illegible] while the third biggest piece [illegible] over the middle of [illegible] where an ornamental design [illegible]

Next, after [illegible] the gold film down firmly on the [illegible] the pretty girl slides the cover [illegible] a small press that stands on the [illegible] In the press, face downward, [illegible] graved in relief with the [illegible] book that is to be [illegible] the author's name and the [illegible] design referred to. The [illegible] heated by gas. A movement of a [illegible] worked by hand brings [illegible] upon the cover, and the raised [illegible] and design turn the [illegible] there is contact, so that it [illegible] adhere to the leather [illegible] The die is lifted, the cover [illegible] from the press, and the gold [illegible] off with a piece of [illegible] end of a stick. Wherever the [illegible] not touched it the film comes [illegible] ily, leaving the lettering and [illegible] adhering so closely to the [illegible] [illegible] scraping. Finally [illegible] rubs the leather with [illegible] rubber, which takes [illegible] particles, so that the [illegible] and the name of the book [illegible] out with beautiful clearness [illegible] in twenty-four carat gold. The [illegible] process has taken a good [illegible] describe, but it is actually [illegible] very quickly. The covers [illegible] with gold [illegible] and rubbed off in rapid succession [illegible] Fresh sets of book-covers [illegible] new die, of course.

The operator [illegible] bing off the [illegible] ing, so [illegible] the leather [illegible] yellow stuff falls through a [illegible] the table top into the drawer [illegible] In the course of [illegible] accumulates there [illegible] The drawer is quite big and [illegible] will hold $20,000 worth of the dust [illegible] would not imagine it to be [illegible] precious substance if you [illegible] tity of it in some old place [illegible] much like powdered tinsel [illegible] else. However, it is worth [illegible] and when a drawer full is [illegible] gold is forwarded to the mint in Philadelphia, which subjects it [illegible] sends back a check for its value.

The burnt rubber used for the [illegible] polishing off of the gold lettering [illegible] is simply India-rubber which has [illegible] subjected to a peculiar fire process [illegible] makes it very spongiose and absorbent. So remarkable is this latter quality that a chunk of it as big as three of your fingers will take up more than $25 worth of gold in its pores. When, after [illegible] months of use such a piece of [illegible] rubber is loaded with all the gold it [illegible] comfortably carry, it is sent, with [illegible] others in the same condition, to the mint to be assayed.

Real gold is only used in this way [illegible] particularly fine books. Designs and lettering of the sort for ordinary [illegible] umes are done at the Government [illegible] ing office in nearly the same [illegible] but with a yellow composition [illegible] "German metal," which looks [illegible] much like the gold and is [illegible] cheaper. No trouble is taken [illegible] the wastage, and each book-cover [illegible] being stamped by the hot die, is [illegible] put through a brushing machine.

FOUR CURIOUS TALES.

They May Be True, But If So Are Stranger Than Fiction.

An old negro woman in Athens, Ala., has a curious birthmark. Her left [illegible] is shaped like a bunch of grapes [illegible] pendant from the side of her head [illegible] filament of flesh, presenting a [illegible] markable appearance. Her hearing [illegible] that side is of course very defective [illegible] otherwise she suffers no inconvenience from her peculiar mark, which [illegible] groes always do, she attributes [illegible] witch's malice. When in health [illegible] oblong balls of flesh which [illegible] the grapes are firm and plump [illegible] shriveled by sickness.

One of the queer sights in Mayville, N. Y., is said to be a little negro boy who exhibits on the streets a remarkable instance of tenacity of life in the shape of a chicken hen which lost its head over four months ago but continues well and hearty. The creature walks about scratching in the earth and appears quite unconscious of the loss. [illegible] by cramming the food down the severed gullet, and evidently thrives under this peculiar method of feeding, for it is in excellent condition. The boy who [illegible] it says that it lays regularly and has actually made a nest and raised a brood of chickens since the loss of its head. It has however shed nearly all of its feathers [illegible] shows no signs of ever having [illegible]

Dr. Moldrew, of Penokee, Wis., recently performed an operation on a young lady of that place by which a lemon seed was removed from her [illegible] there some three months ago. [illegible] and while [illegible] to get at the seed it was necessary [illegible] slit the windpipe, a very dangerous [illegible] rare operation, [illegible] while the lady was under the influence of chloroform, but the seed was found to have put forth several vigorous [illegible] which had attached themselves firmly to the walls of the organ and had to be cut away.

A few miles from Richmond, Tex., in Bentley's Wood, is a natural curiosity, the like of which is perhaps to be found nowhere else in the world. It is an enormous oak tree literally suspended in the air. The mystery of [illegible] is that numerous hunting parties [illegible] ing camped beneath it during [illegible] of many years, their fires [illegible] burned the trunk entirely away [illegible] distance of six feet, but its large [illegible] spreading branches are so [illegible] twined in those of the trees [illegible] closely about it that they [illegible] them. Just how the [illegible] ished is a mystery [illegible] nourished is evident [illegible] flourishing.